

GOLD
KEY

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

HANNA-BARBERA

15c

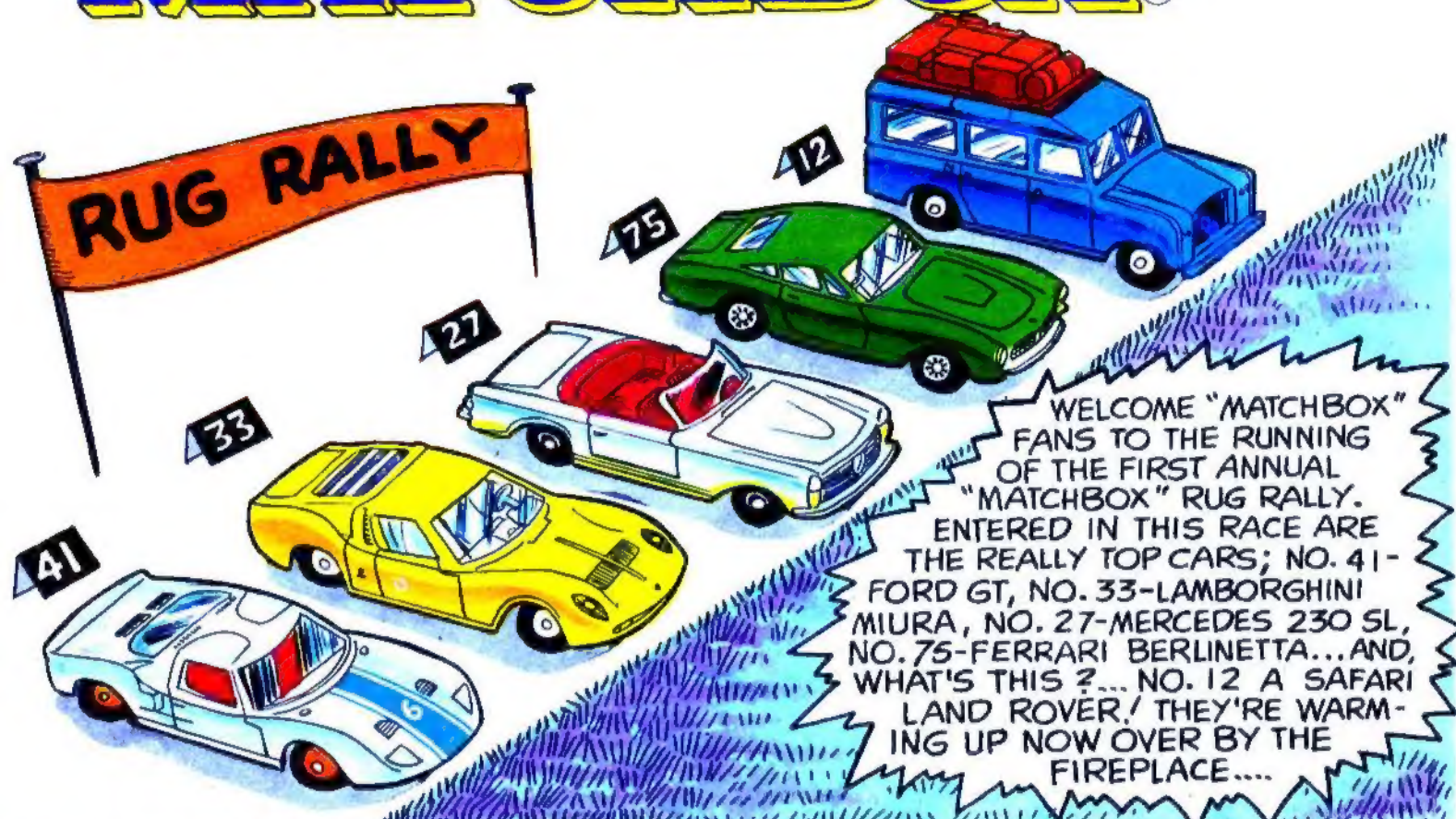
Huckleberry Hound

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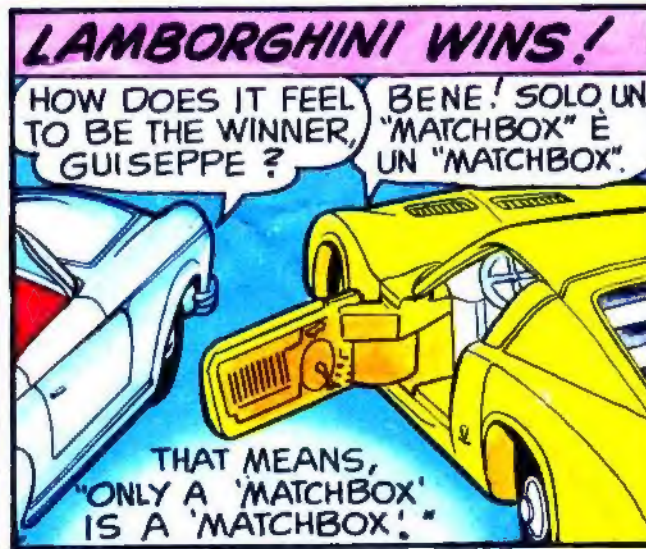
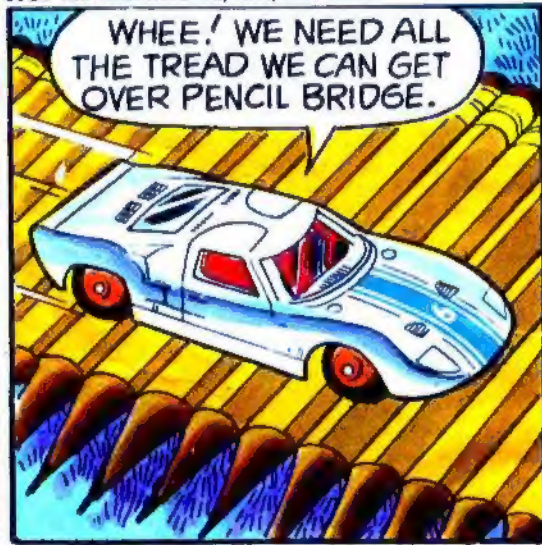
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HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

THE DIRTY BIRDIE

I'VE TROTTED ALL OVER TOWN LOOKING FOR WORK, AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT? SEEMS LIKE *NOBODY'S* HIRING HOUND-DOGS THESE DAYS!

OH, DEAR! I WISH SOMEONE COULD MAKE THIS BIRD BATHE!

HMM...EVERYBODY WITH BIRDS HAS THAT TROUBLE!

HEY! I'VE JUST HIT ON A REAL PEACHY OLD PLAN, MAN! I'M GOING INTO BUSINESS FOR MY LITTLE OLD SELF!

LATER...

ANY BIRD THAT I PUT IN THIS CORNTRAPTION IS BOUND TO GET HIMSELF A BATH!

HUCK'S BIRD BATHOTORIUM

RING A LING!

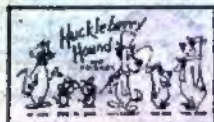
THAT MUST BE AN ANSWER TO MY AD!

YES, *SIR*! I WILL PICK UP YOUR DIRTY BIRD!

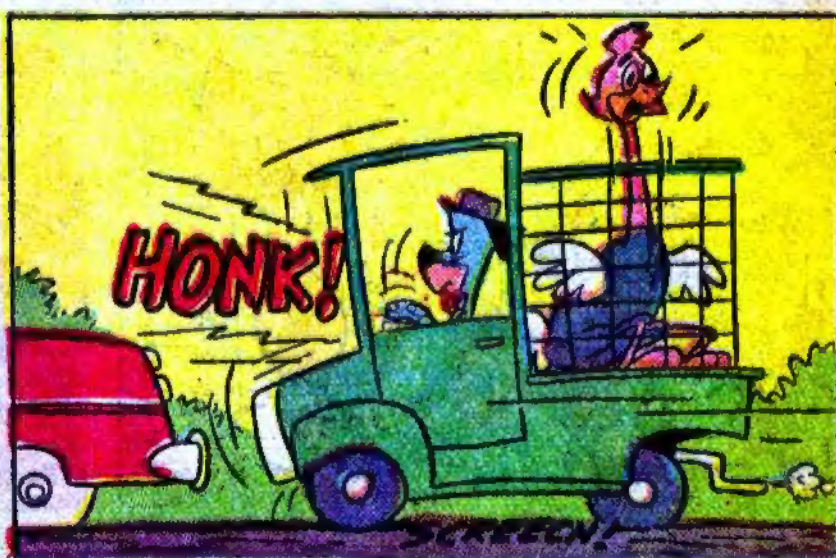
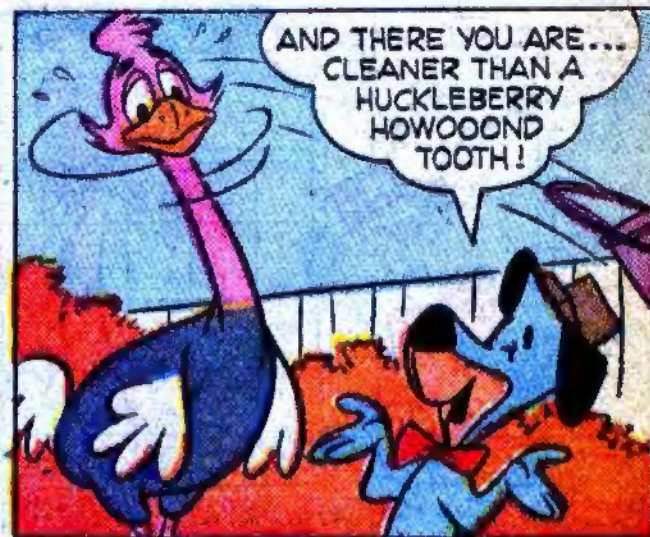
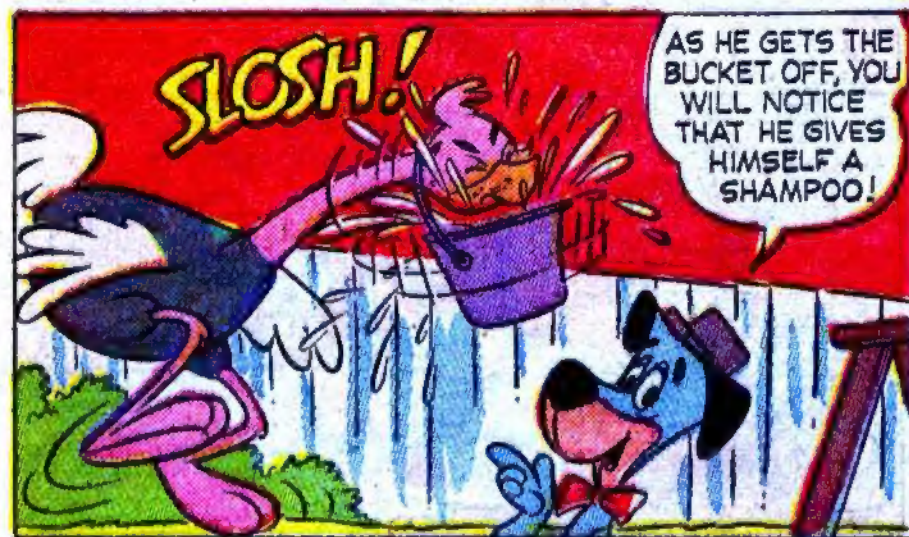
I'LL BE THERE BEFORE HE CAN SAY TIT WILLOW!

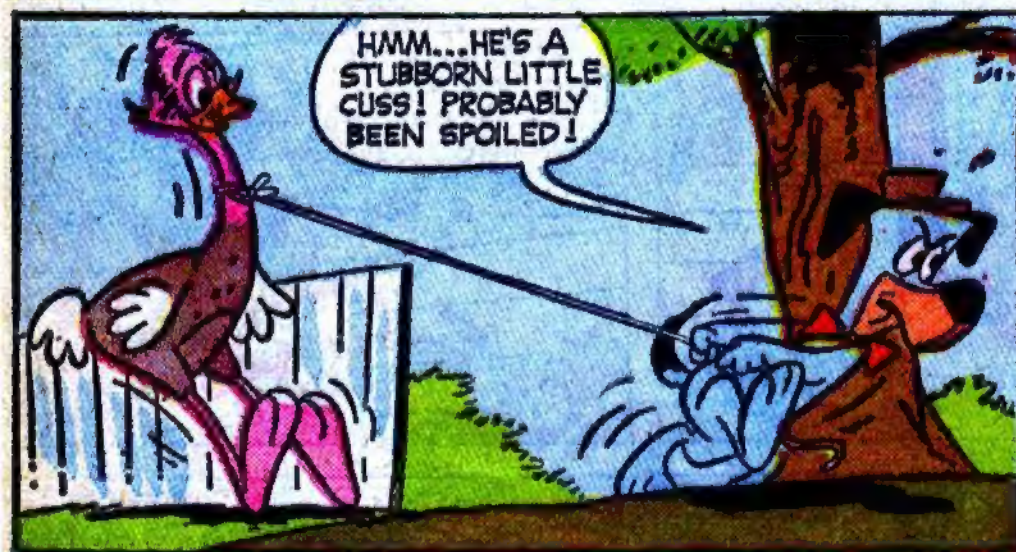
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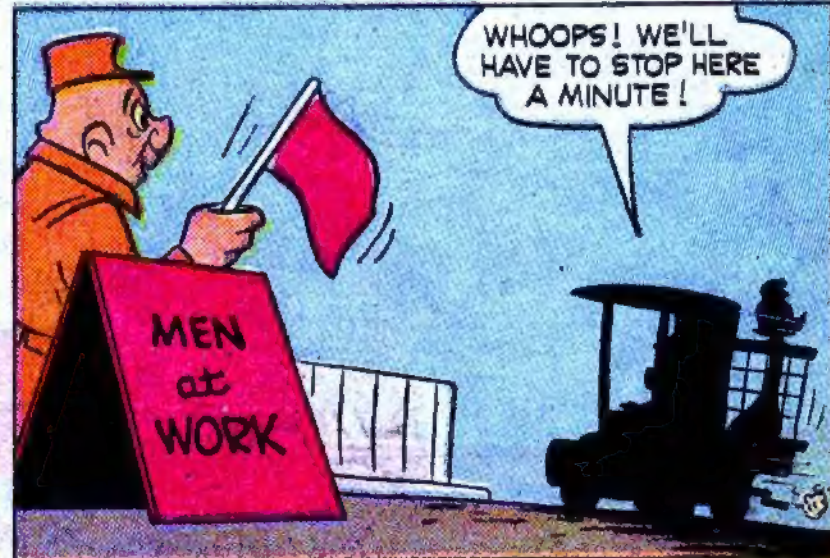
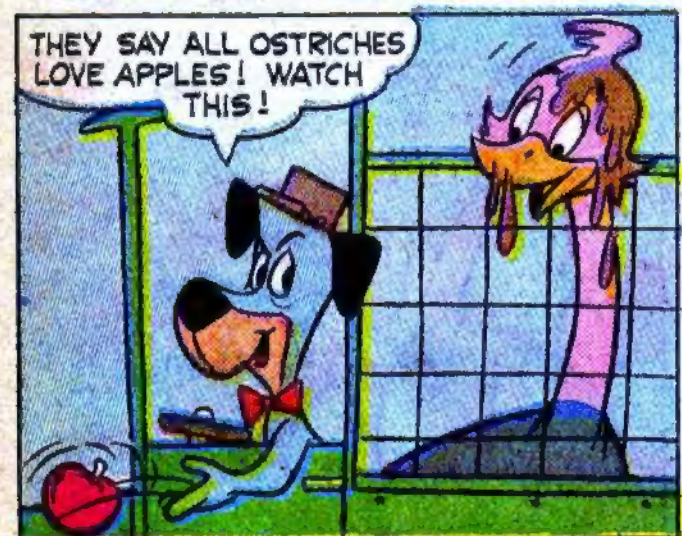
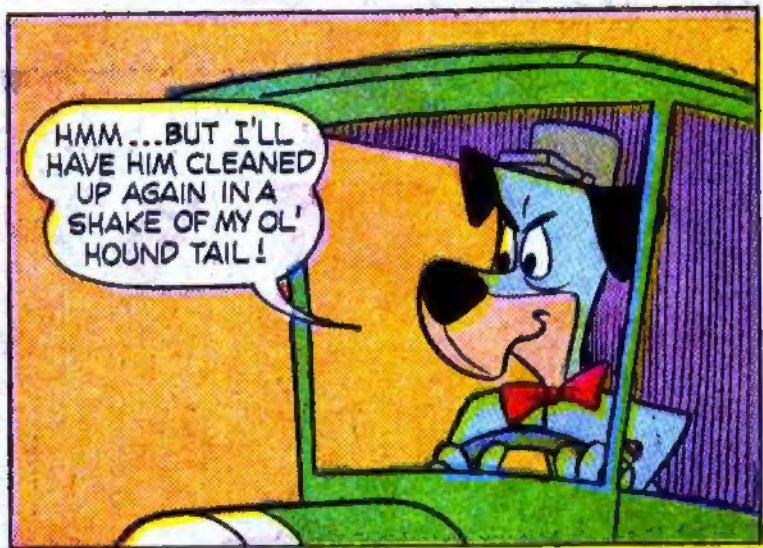
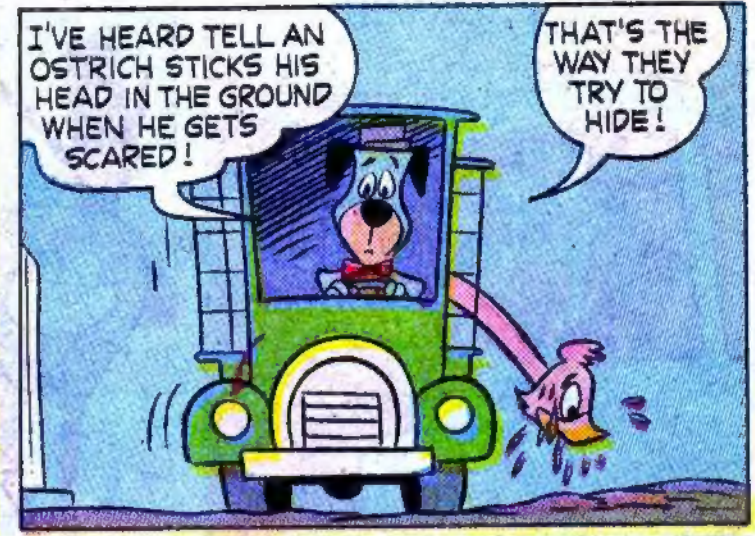
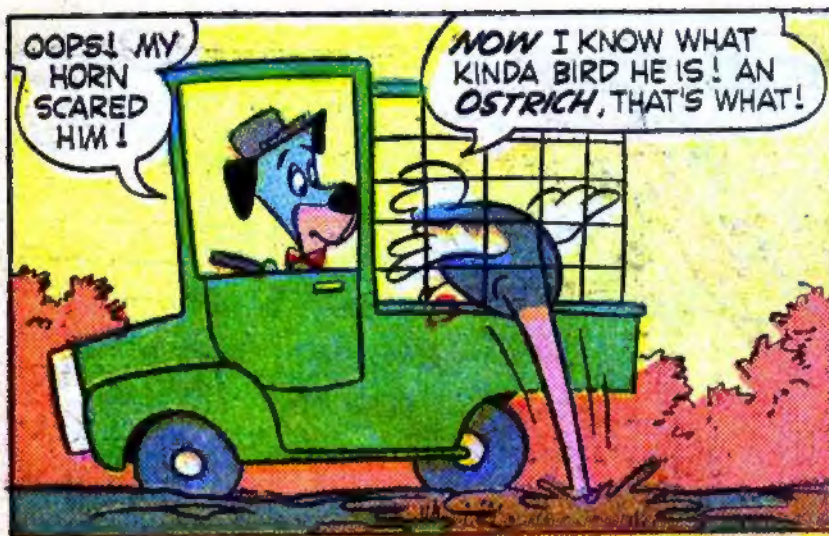
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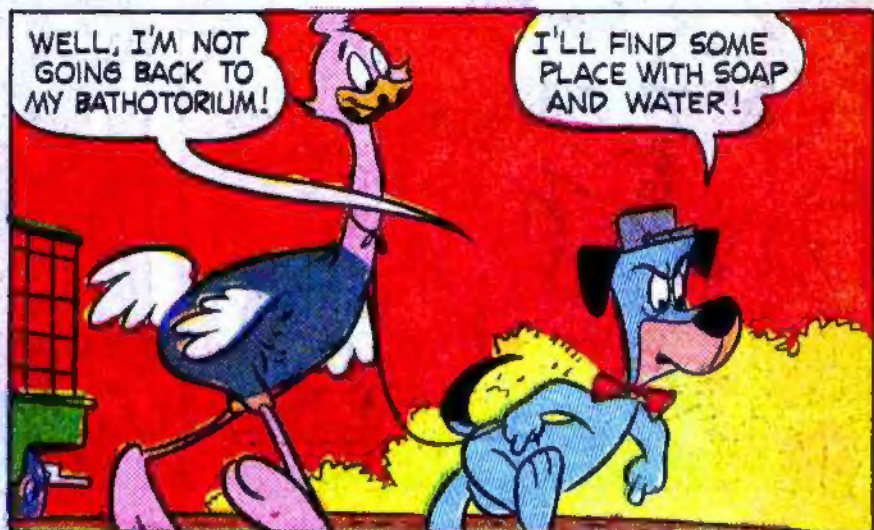
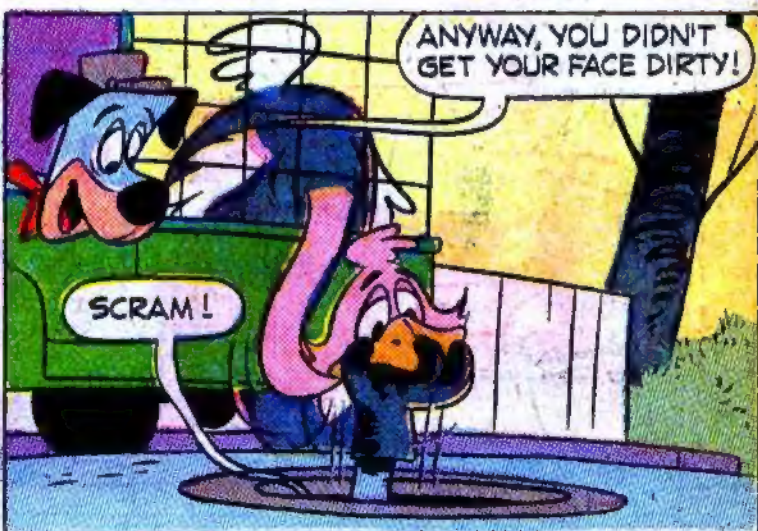
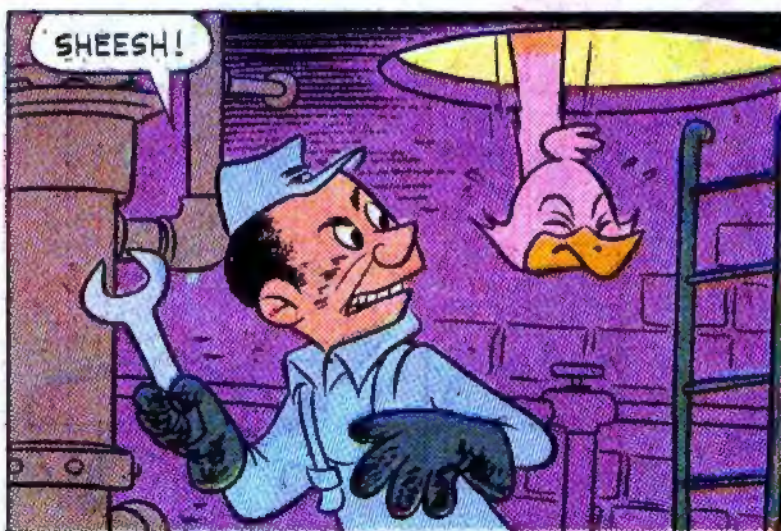
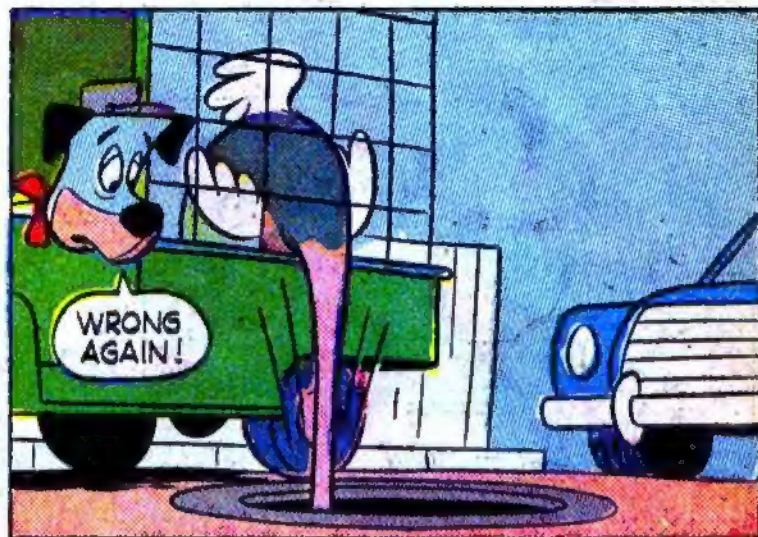
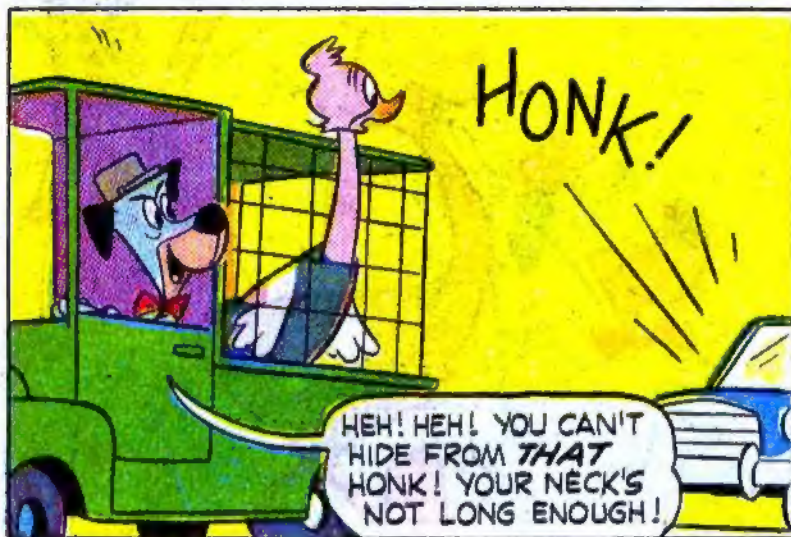


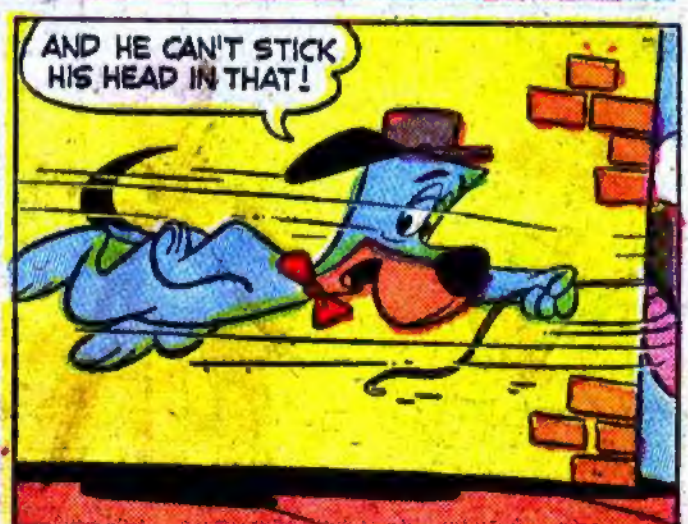
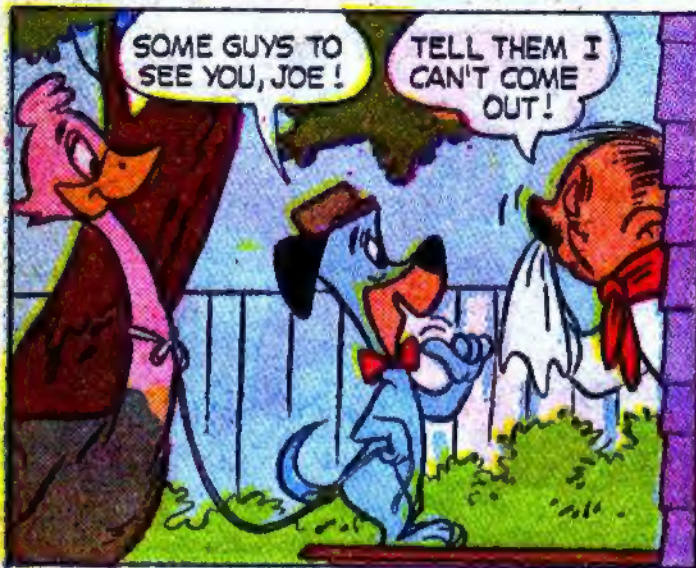
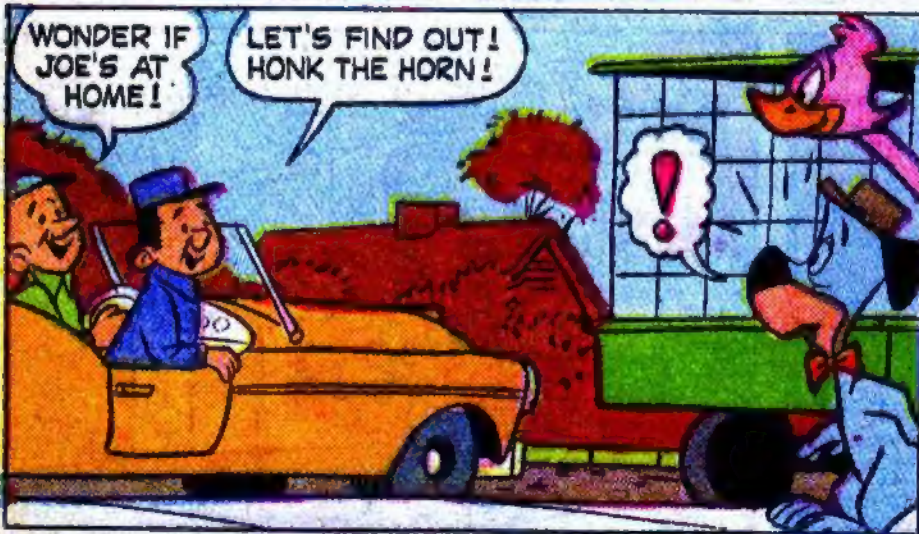
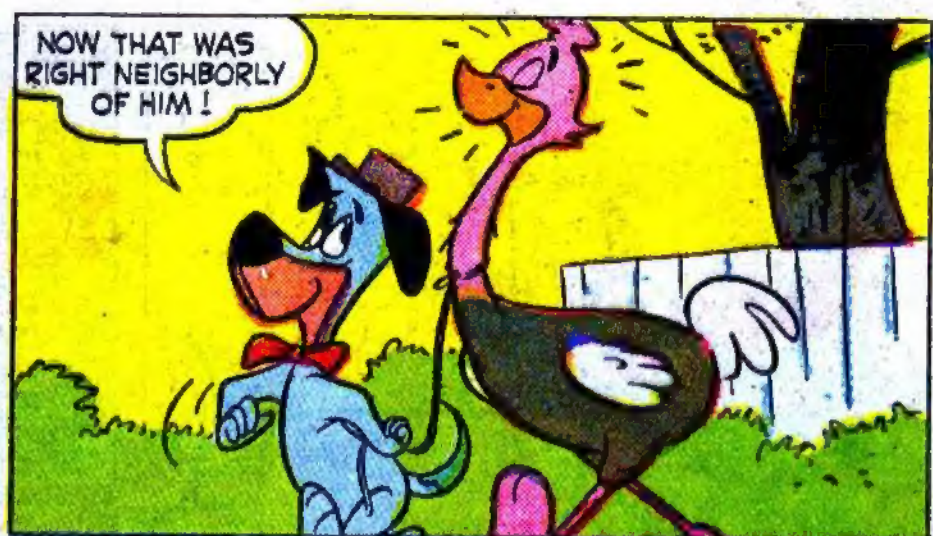
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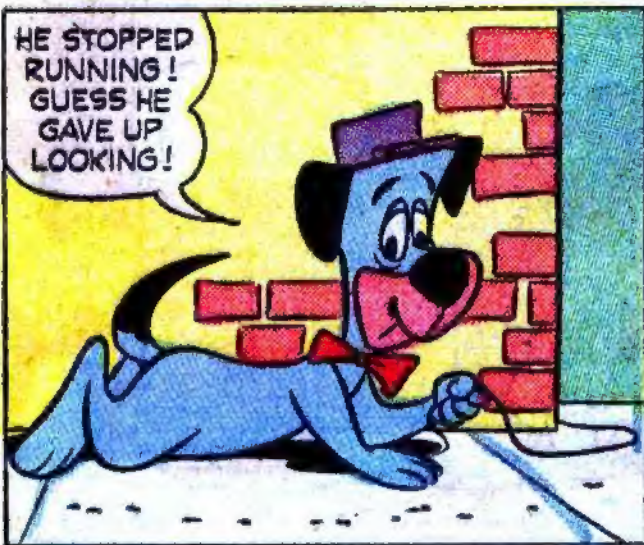


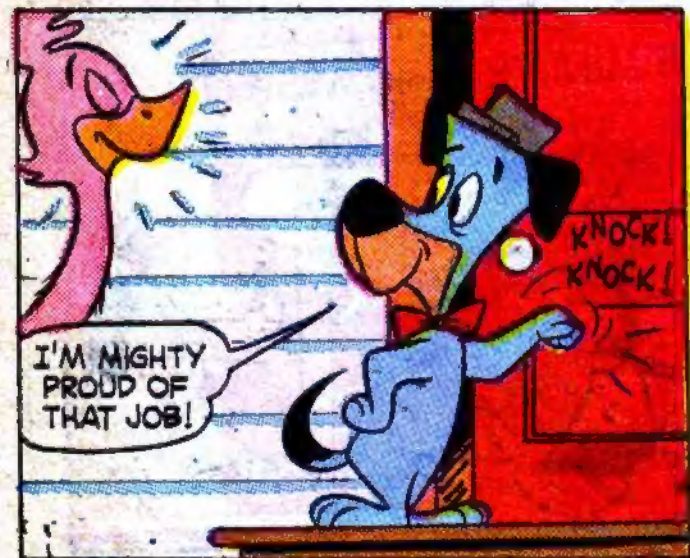
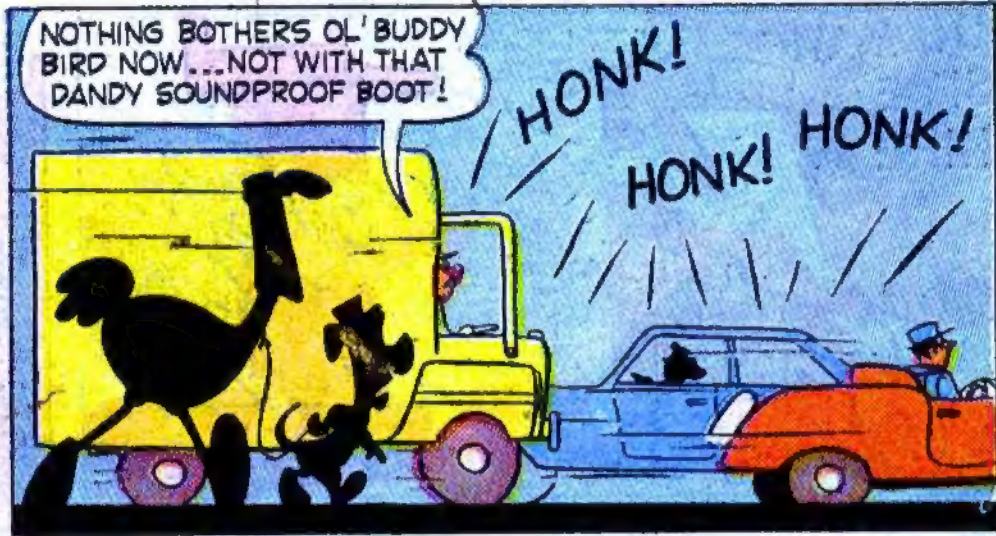


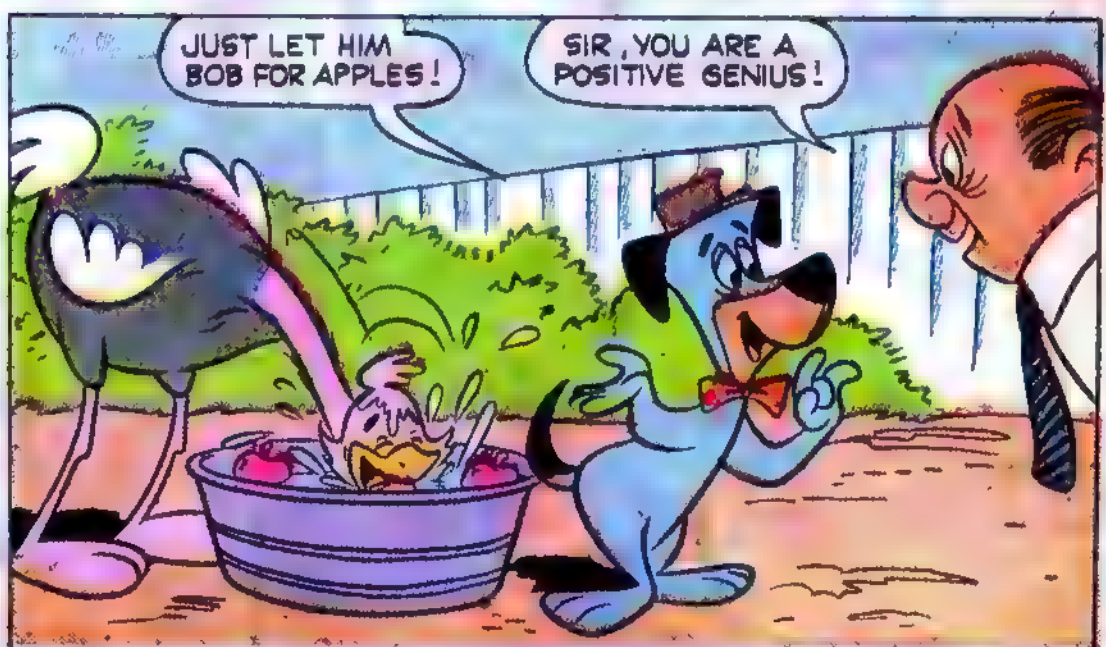
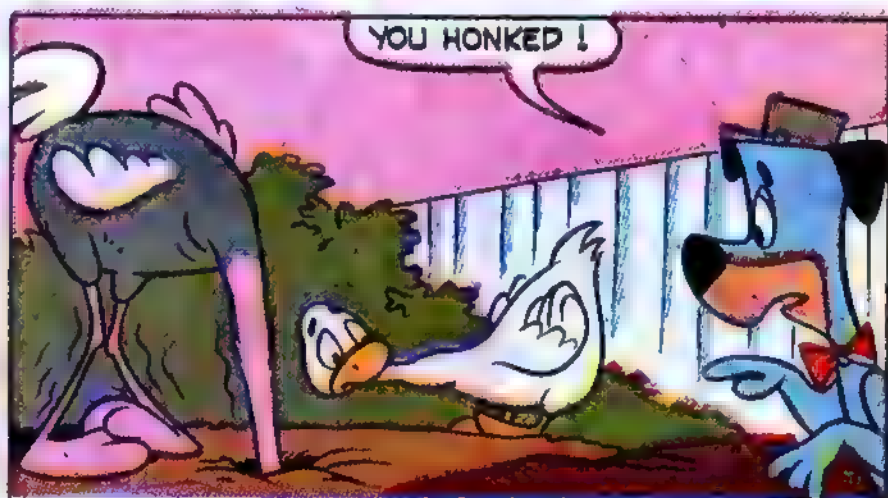
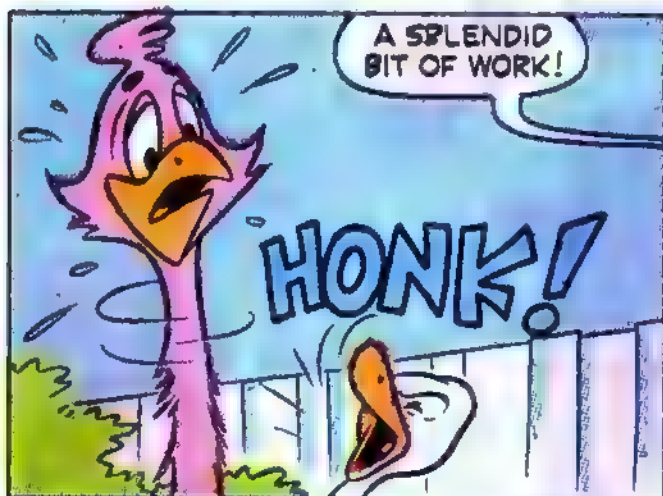
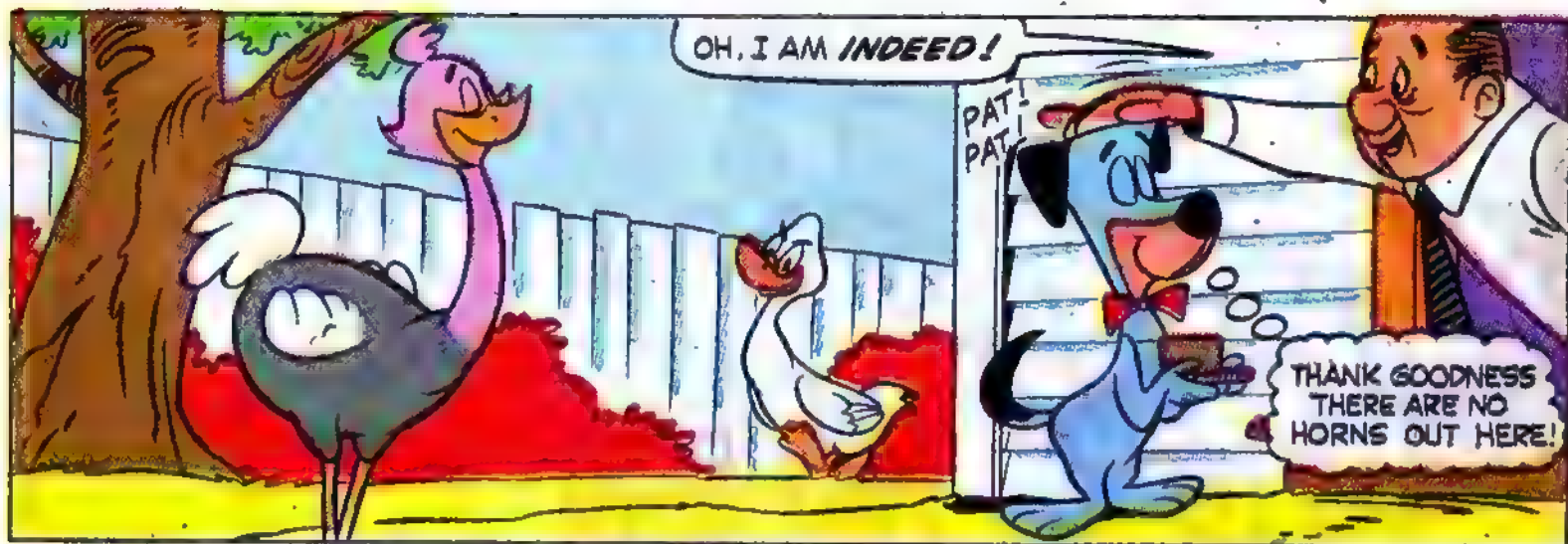




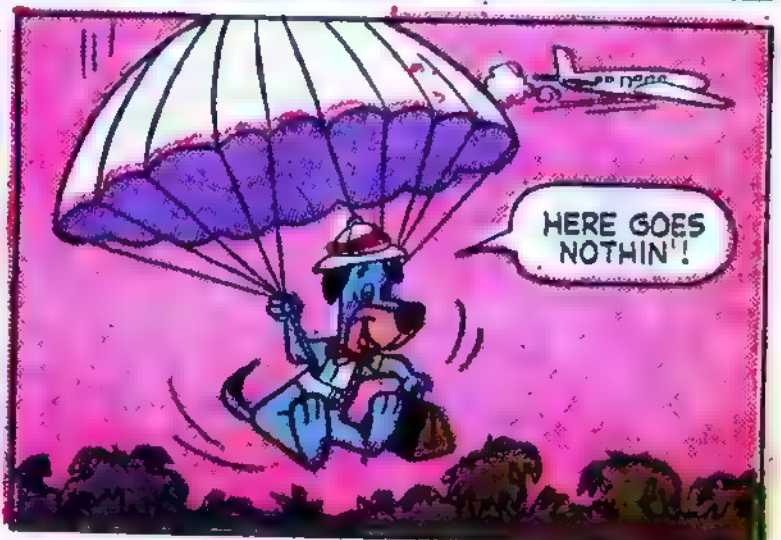
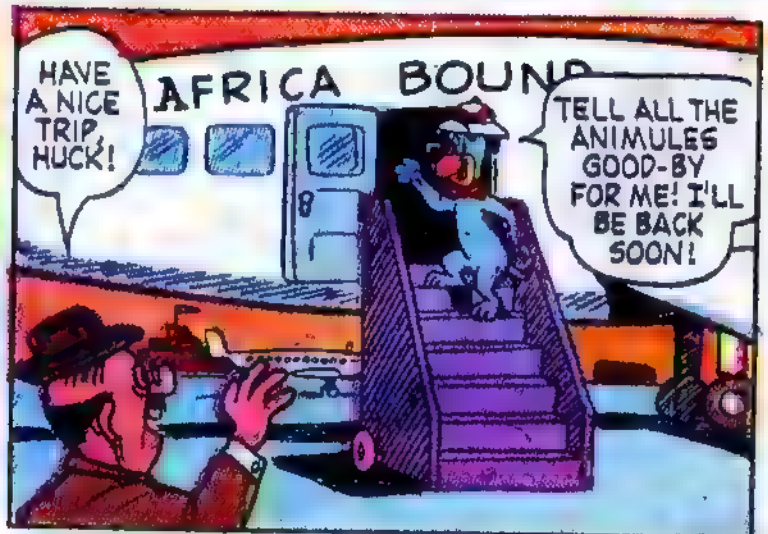


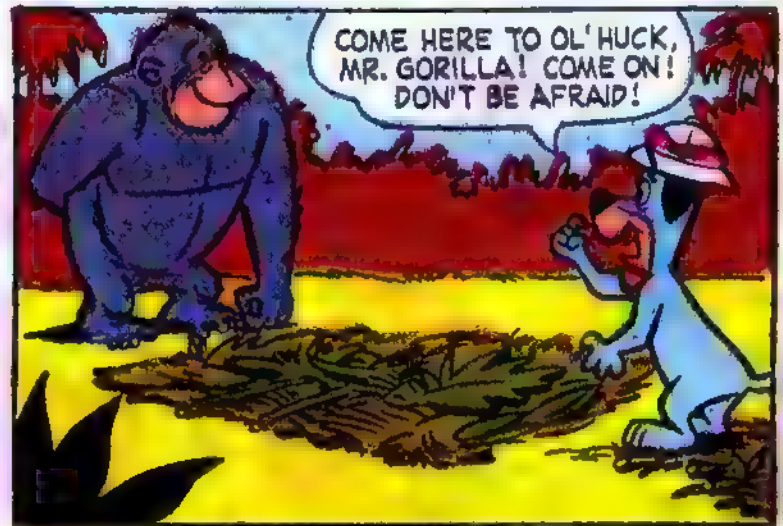
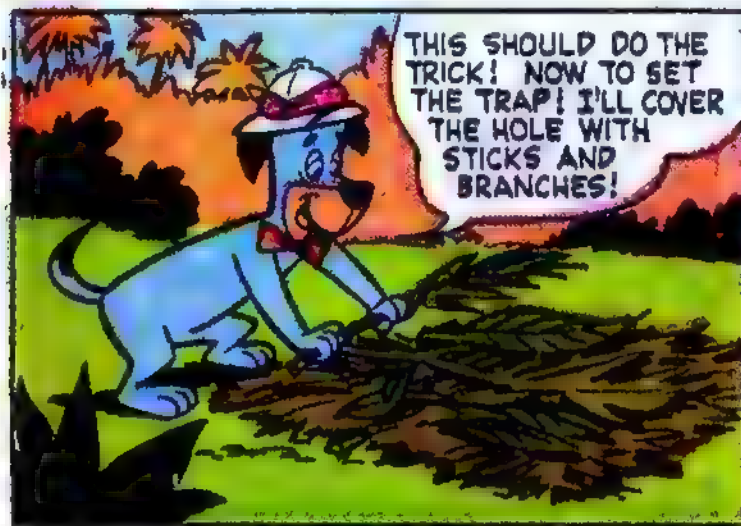
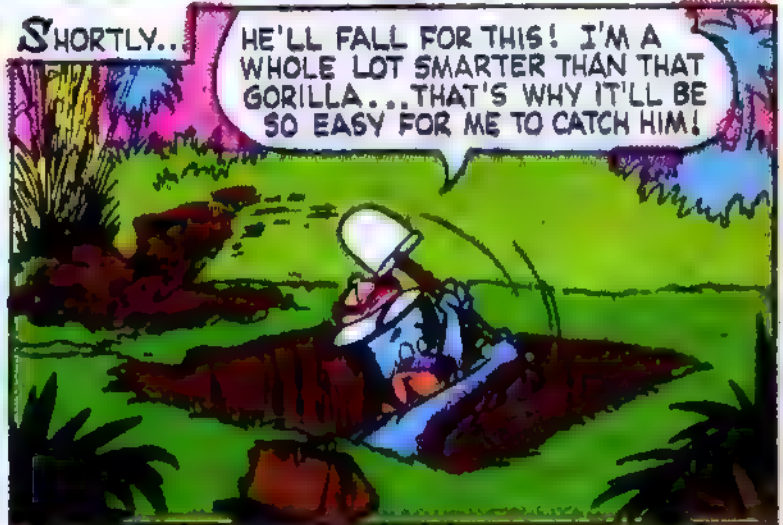
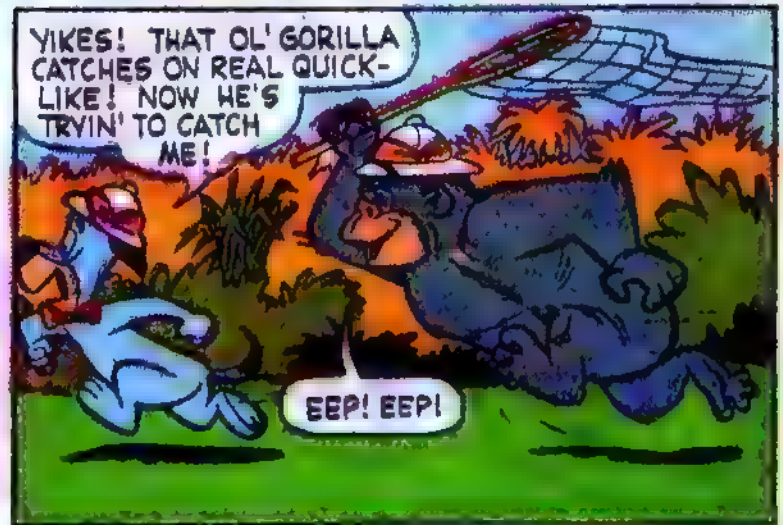
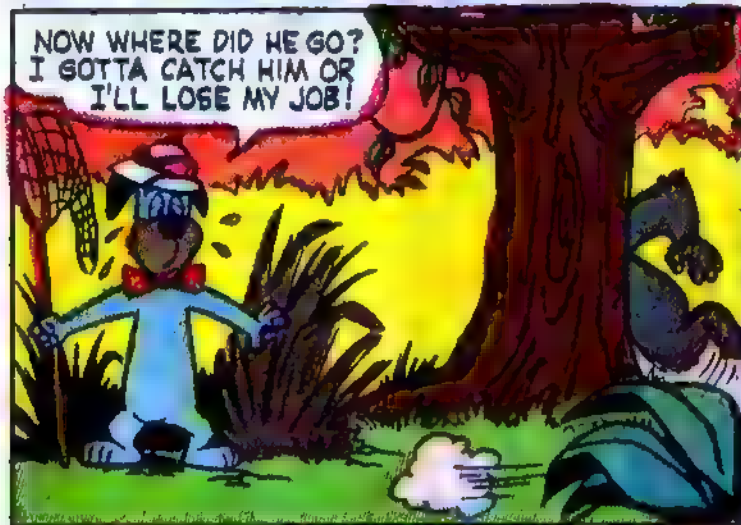
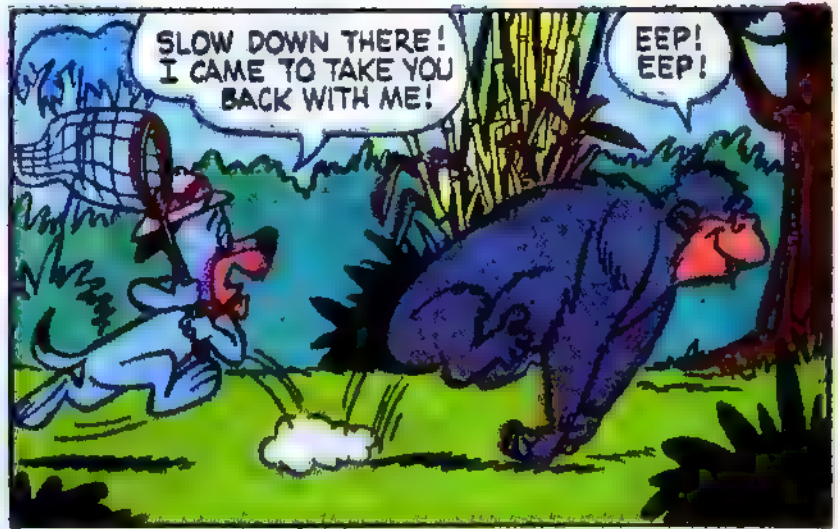


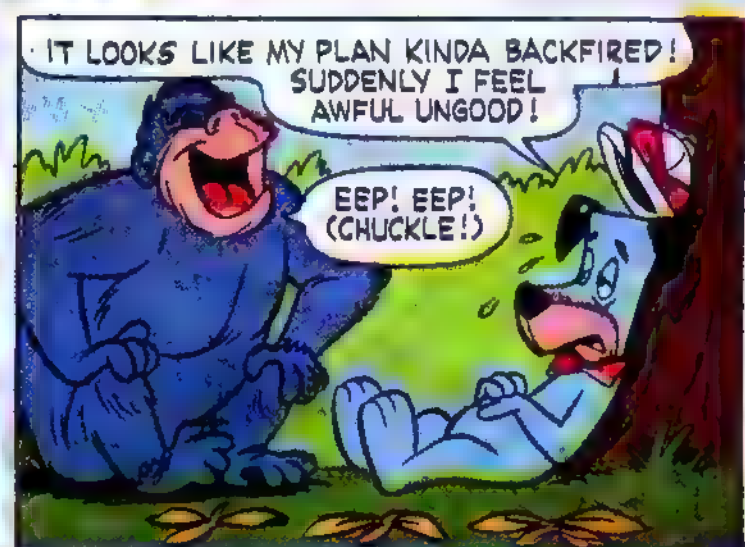
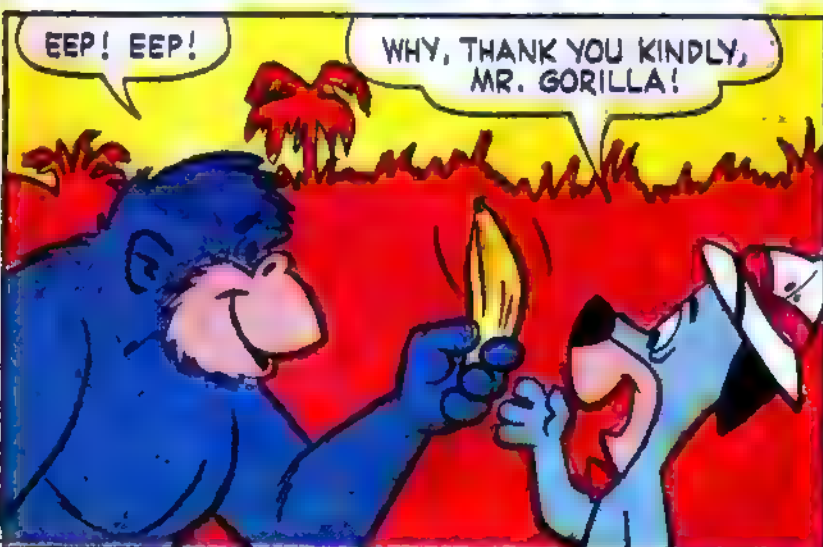
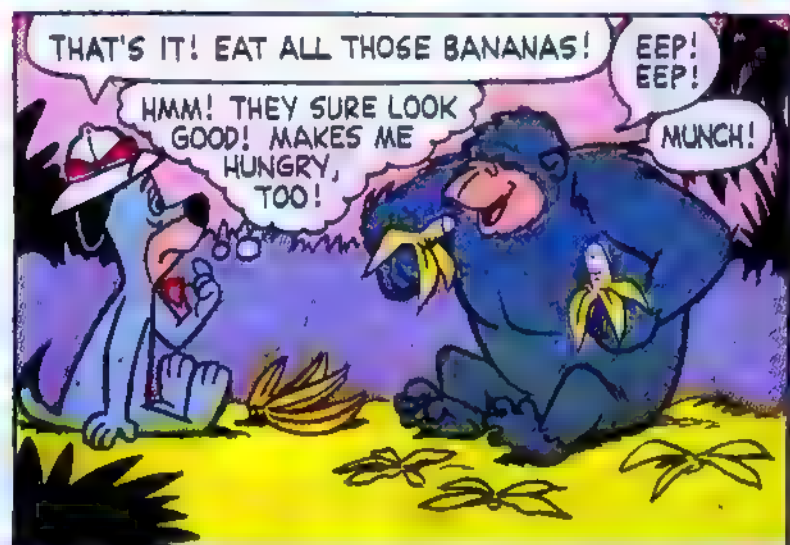
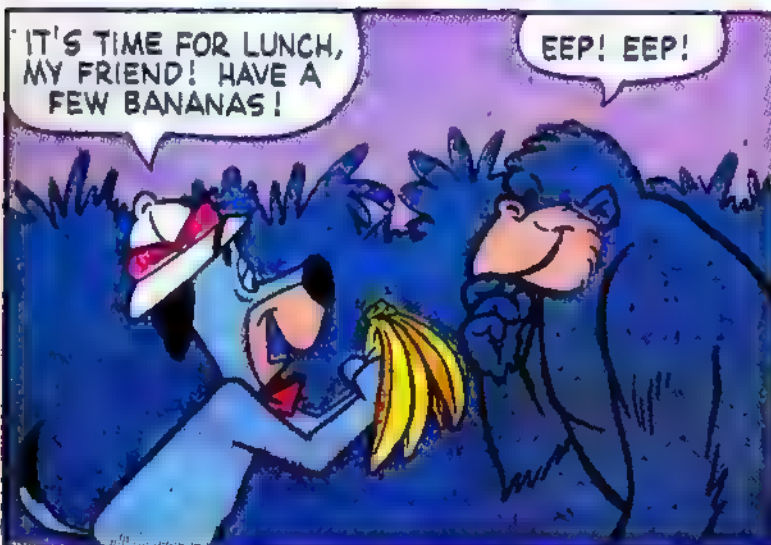
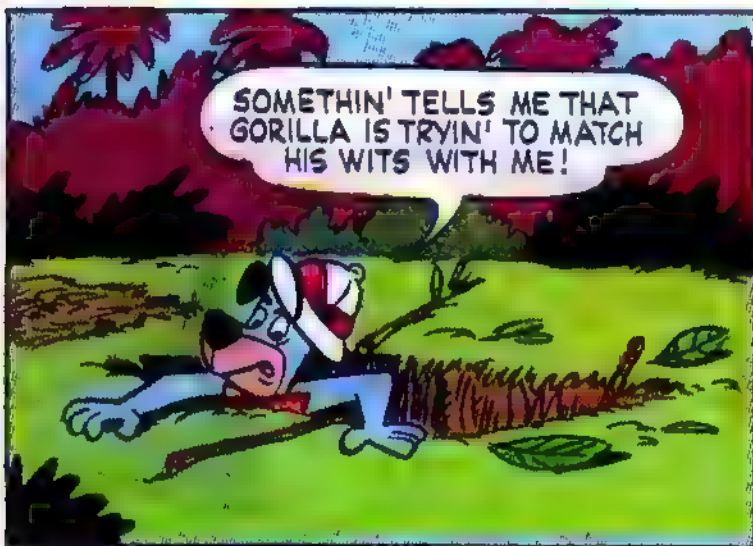




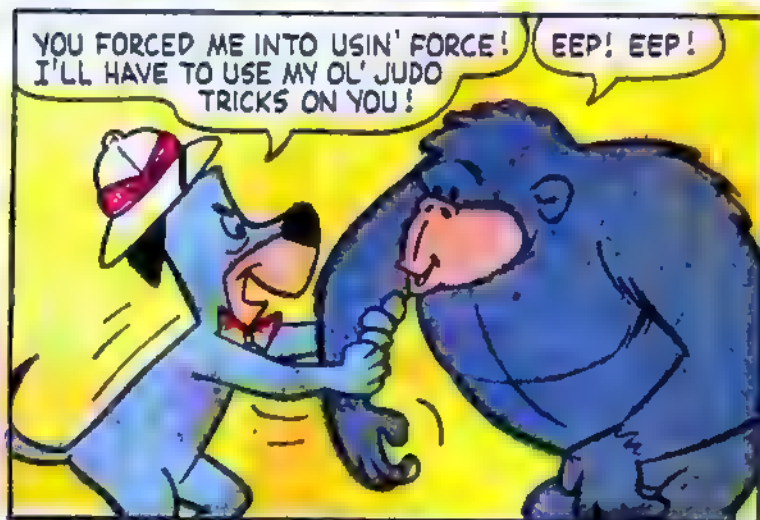
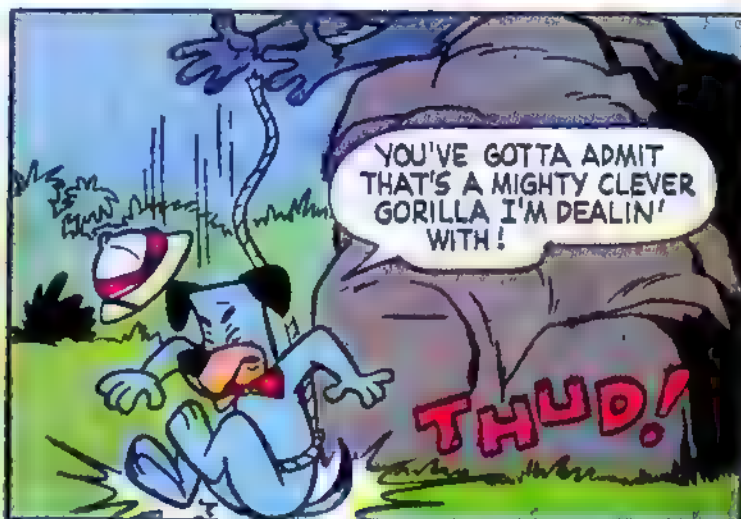
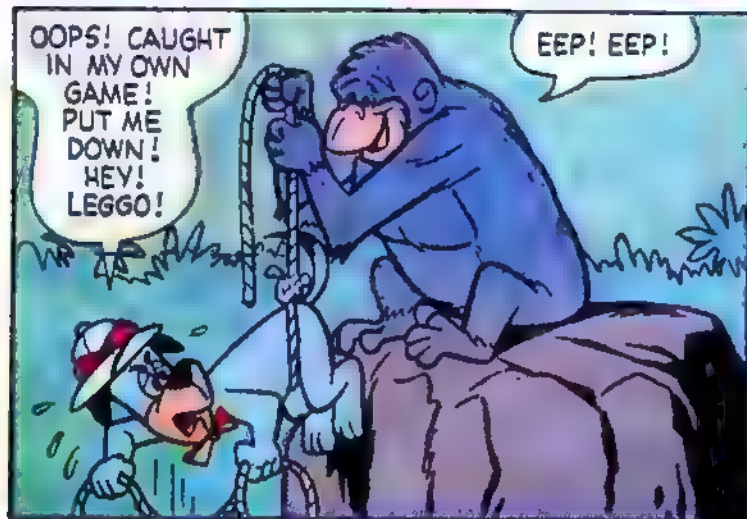
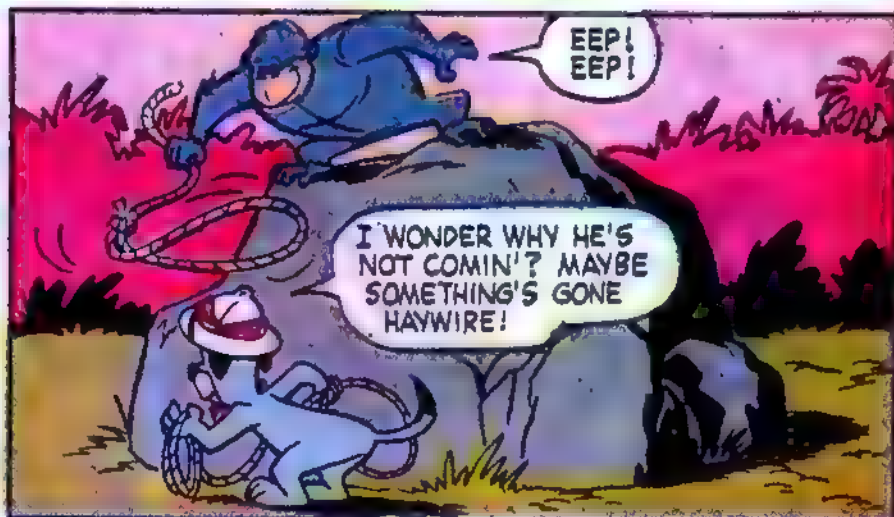
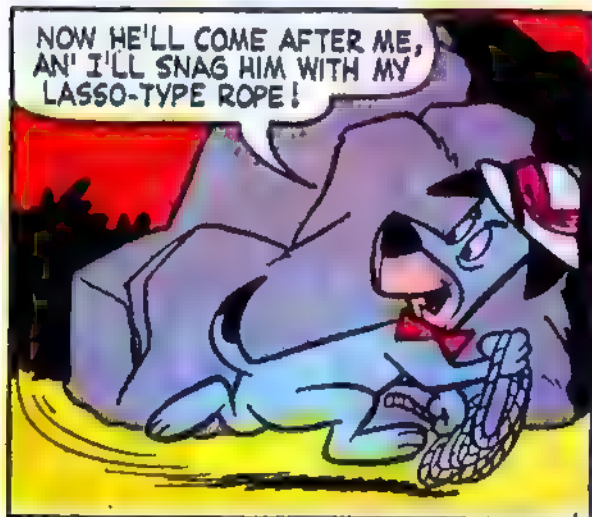
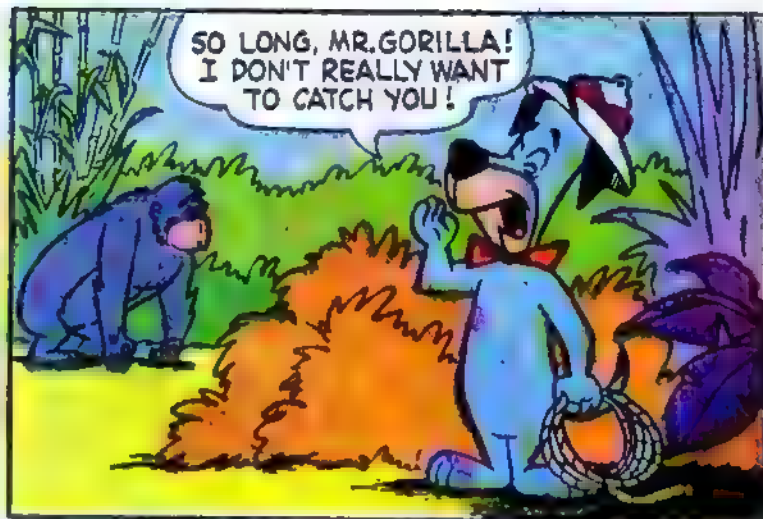
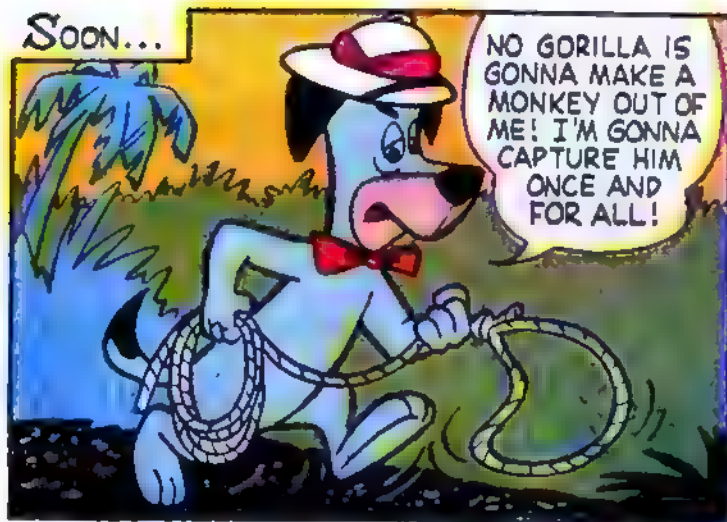
Huckleberry Hound THE GORILLA GRABBER

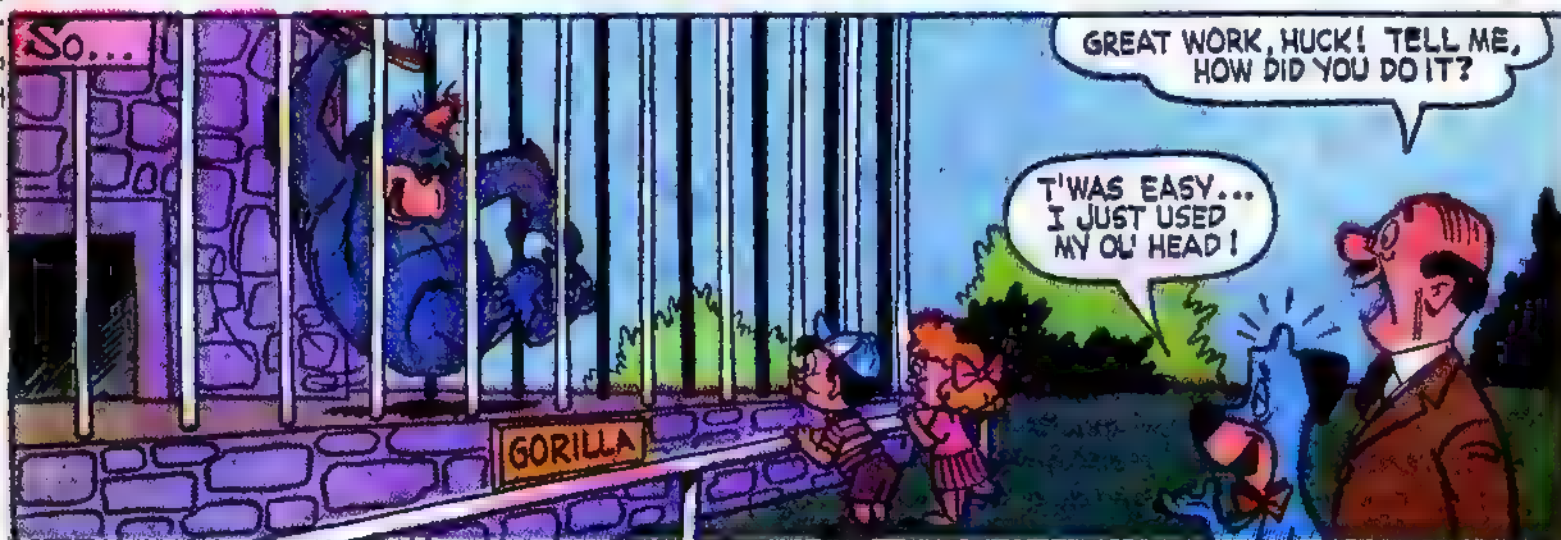
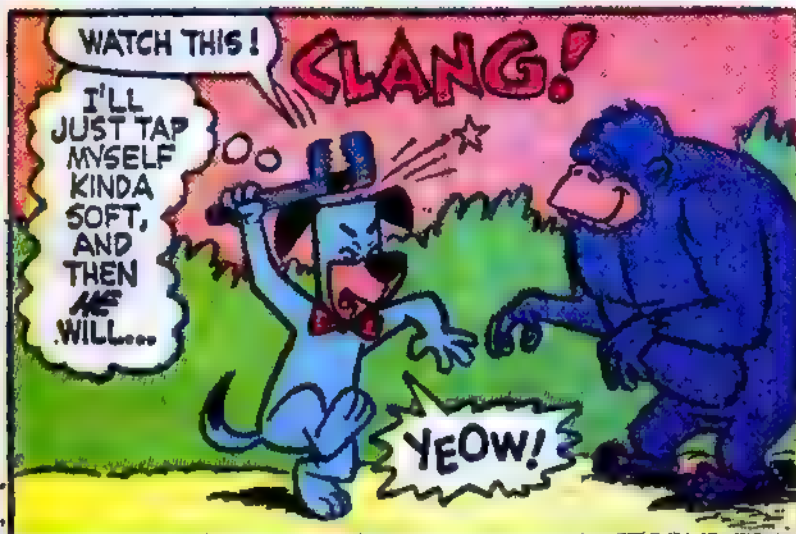
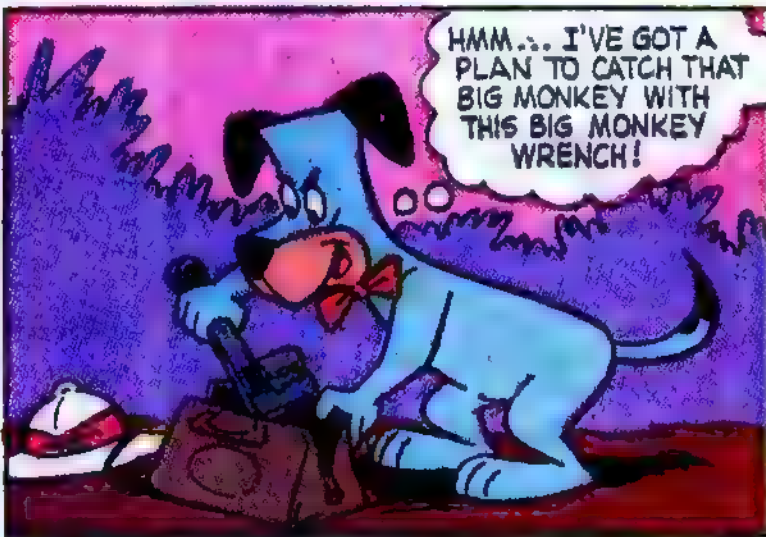
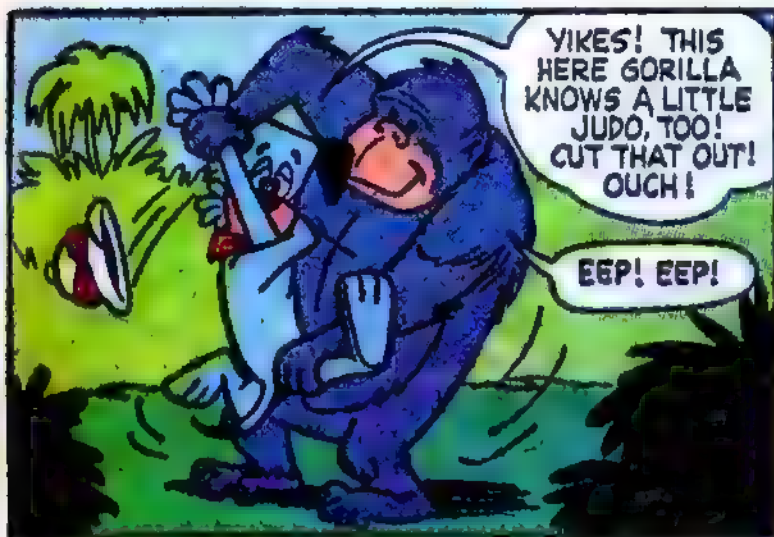






SOON...







Reader's Page MONSTERS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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THE FICKLE BEAST

Doesn't like people to look at him.

Wendy Harnum
Toronto, Ontario, Canada



THE PEEPSQUEAK

Everything he looks at glows.

Jeff Roberts
Tonawanda, New York

SHIP SNATCHER OF
SAND CREEK



Snatches ships with tail.

Jeff Kelly
Sand Creek, Michigan

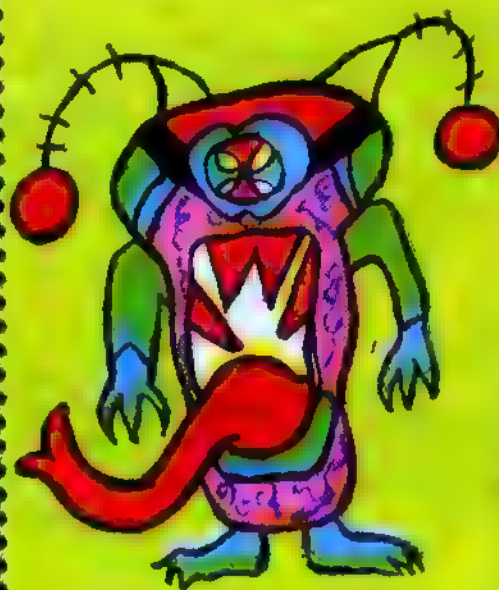
MOON GOON



Eats moon plants and rocks.

Mark Miller
Flat Rock, Michigan

MOD MONSTER



Hypnotizes people with his
mod colors.

Anthony Blair
Cornelia, Georgia

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JOKES ON YOU



Speeder: Was I driving too fast?

Traffic Cop: No, you were flying too low!

Kenneth Rothenberger—Junction City, Wisconsin

Riddle: What kind of horse never runs?

Answer: A sea horse.

Frances Kolody—Depew, New York

Riddle: Why is a snake careless?

Answer: He keeps losing his skin.

Tammie Marotta—Duluth, Minnesota

Bud: What's the best way to keep water out of the house?

Jud: Don't pay the water bill.

Debra Steinhagen—Blue Island, Illinois

Riddle: What has a tail and flies through the air?

Answer: A comet.

Karen Rood—Curundu, Panama Canal Zone

Daughter: Dad, have you heard the joke about the soiled shirt?

Dad: No.

Daughter: The joke's on you.

Donna McCray—Colorado Springs, Colorado

Riddle: Why does a dog turn around twice before lying down?

Answer: Because one good turn deserves another.

Lisa England—Tazewell, Tennessee

Tom: Did you hear the story about the ceiling?

Jim: No.

Tom: It's over your head.

Alan Campbell—Madisonville, Texas

Riddle: Why does the rain pour down in sheets?
Answer: To cover the river bed.

Karen Kato—Torrance, California

Riddle: Why did the boy put a clock under his pillow?

Answer: Because he wanted to wake up on time.

John Arseneault—Auburn, Massachusetts

Riddle: When do people make the most money?

Answer: When they make the most sense.

Gary Renick—Ingalls, Kansas

Mary: Does your watch tell time?

Paul: No, it never tells time — I have to look at it.

Lorraine Kulpit—North Tonawanda, New York

Riddle: How did the turtle keep three jumps ahead of the rabbit?

Answer: He played checkers with the rabbit.

Brian Silveira—Oakland, California

Little Boy: I'm running away from home.

Big Boy: Then why do you keep running around the block?

Little Boy: I'm not allowed to cross the street.

James Furtney—Hubert, North Carolina

Father: How do you like your new teacher?

Danny: I don't like her at all. She told me to sit up front for the present and then she didn't give me the present.

Kathy Anderson—Daytona Beach, Florida

Riddle: What would a rabbit need to be well groomed?

Answer: A harebrush.

Donna Jill Stamback—El Cajon, California

Doctor: Your cough sounds better.

Patient: Thank you, I've been practicing all night.

Allen Dennison—South Pasadena, California

Riddle: What ties two people together, but touches only one?

Answer: A wedding ring.

Carol Bohn—Oak Creek, Wisconsin

Riddle: What do you call a scared cow?

Answer: A coward.

Cindy Taylor—Minneapolis, Minnesota

Riddle: What did one magnet say to the other magnet?

Answer: You are very attractive today.

Warren Smith—Nanton, Alberta, Canada

Father: What's the matter with Bobby?

Mother: He just dug a hole and now he wants to bring it in the house.

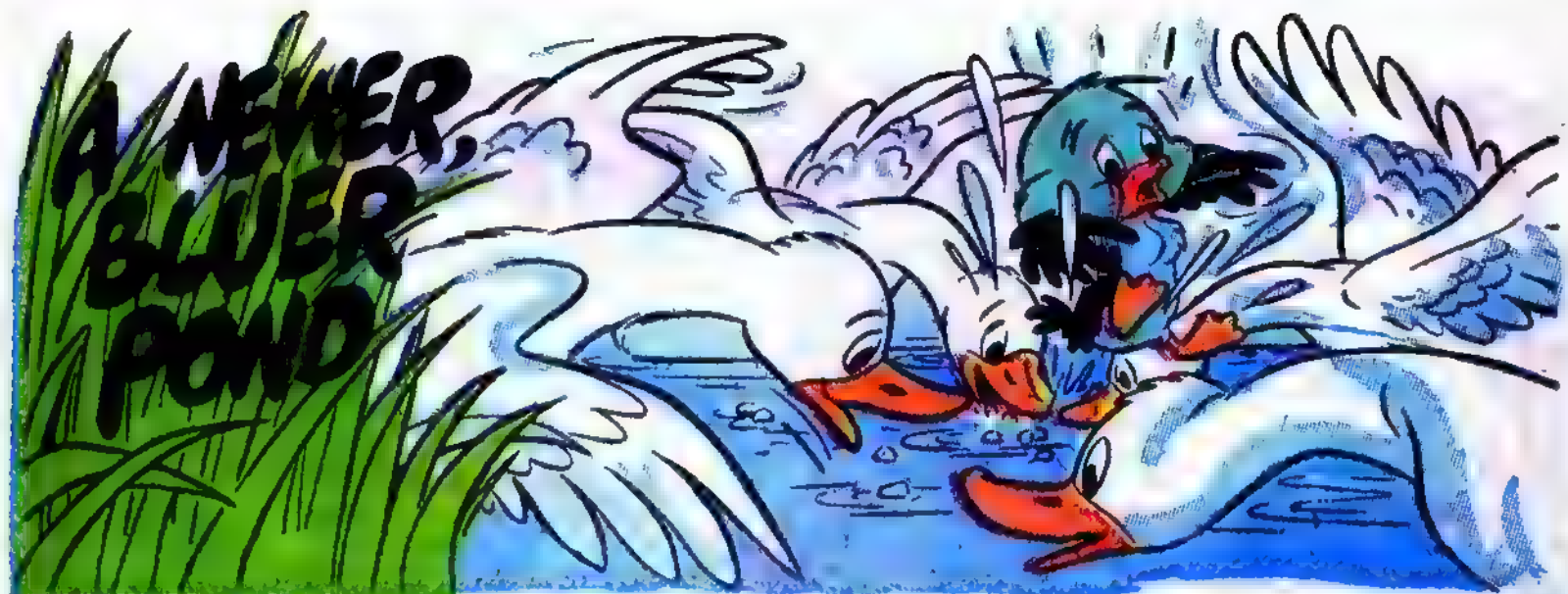
Deborah Russell—Thompson, Manitoba, Canada

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Biddy Buddy had been swimming from one end of his quiet, blue pond to the other all morning. He should have been a most happy fellow, but the tiny duckling kept dreaming of bluer waters and more excitement.

"I'll bet there is a pond somewhere that would be much nicer, where more things happen, and where the water would be cooler and bluer than in this old pond," he quacked discontentedly. "I wish I could find it."

"Ahem," honked a large mallard partially hidden among the willows. "I couldn't help overhearing you. I know just the place you are looking for. I'm on my way there now, if you would care to accompany me."

"I sure would," squawked Biddy Buddy excitedly. Then, kicking his little webbed feet furiously, fluttering his wings, and skimming over the water until he was going fast enough for a take-off, he turned south to follow Mr. Mallard.

It seemed as if they had been flying for miles when Mr. Mallard swooped low and glided in for a landing on a small green knoll at the edge of a crystal-blue pond.

It looked like a painting to Biddy Buddy as he, too, glided in for a landing and planted his feet firmly on the ground again.

"Well, here we are. You're on your own now," said Mr. Mallard, as he joined a group of ducks who apparently had been waiting for him to arrive.

Biddy Buddy nodded his thanks. Everything was exactly as he had hoped: blue, blue water; green, green grass; ducks everywhere; and excitement around every corner.

Biddy Buddy suddenly realized that he was hungry, so he decided to search for a tasty tidbit along the edge of the water. He

waddled over to the bank and dove in with a splash. When he bobbed to the surface, he saw some children running to the edge of the pond, laughing and shouting and throwing popcorn into the water.

Biddy Buddy splashed about excitedly. All he succeeded in doing was to create a small whirlpool, and he found himself going 'round and 'round in circles.

Then, before he knew it, he was surrounded by ducks of all sizes. They were quacking and honking and snapping at the white bits floating on the surface of the water. As fast as the kernels fell onto the pond, the ducks snapped them up in their hungry bills. Biddy Buddy was pushed from side to side by the larger birds, and he was not able to catch any of the fluffy white popcorn.

Paddling over to the bank, Biddy Buddy flapped up out of the water, where he thought he would be safer, and landed right in the middle of a football game. He scooted as fast as his short duck legs could scoot, back to the water. With his luck, he might end up becoming the football.

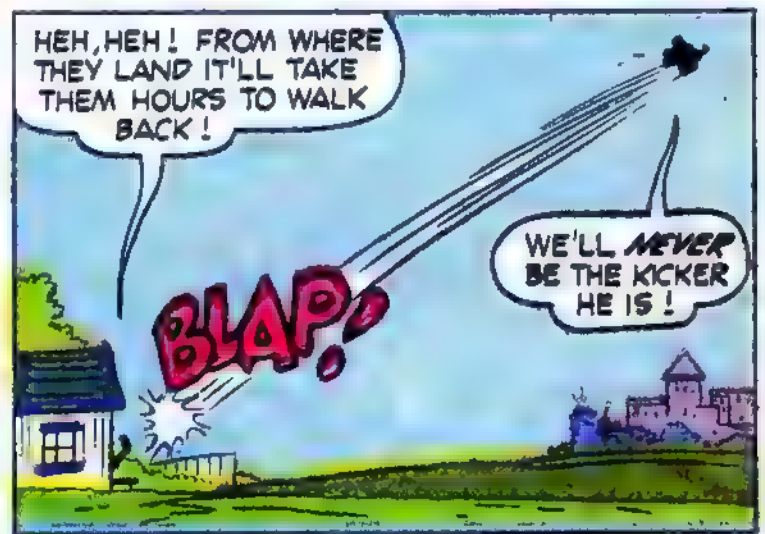
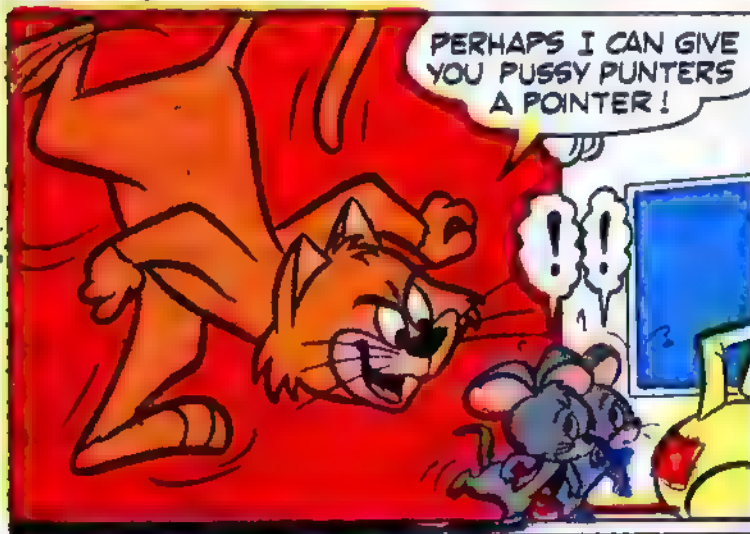
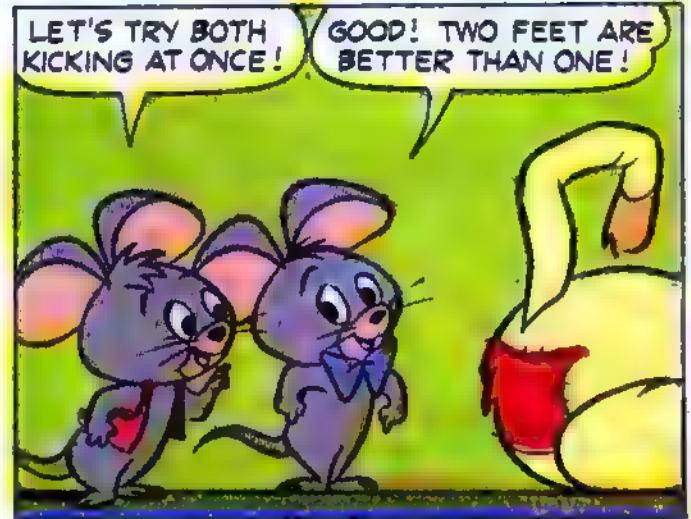
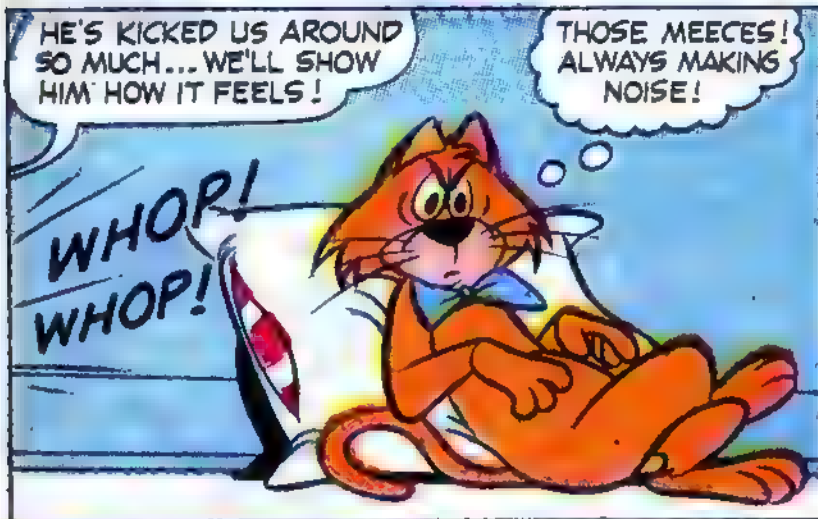
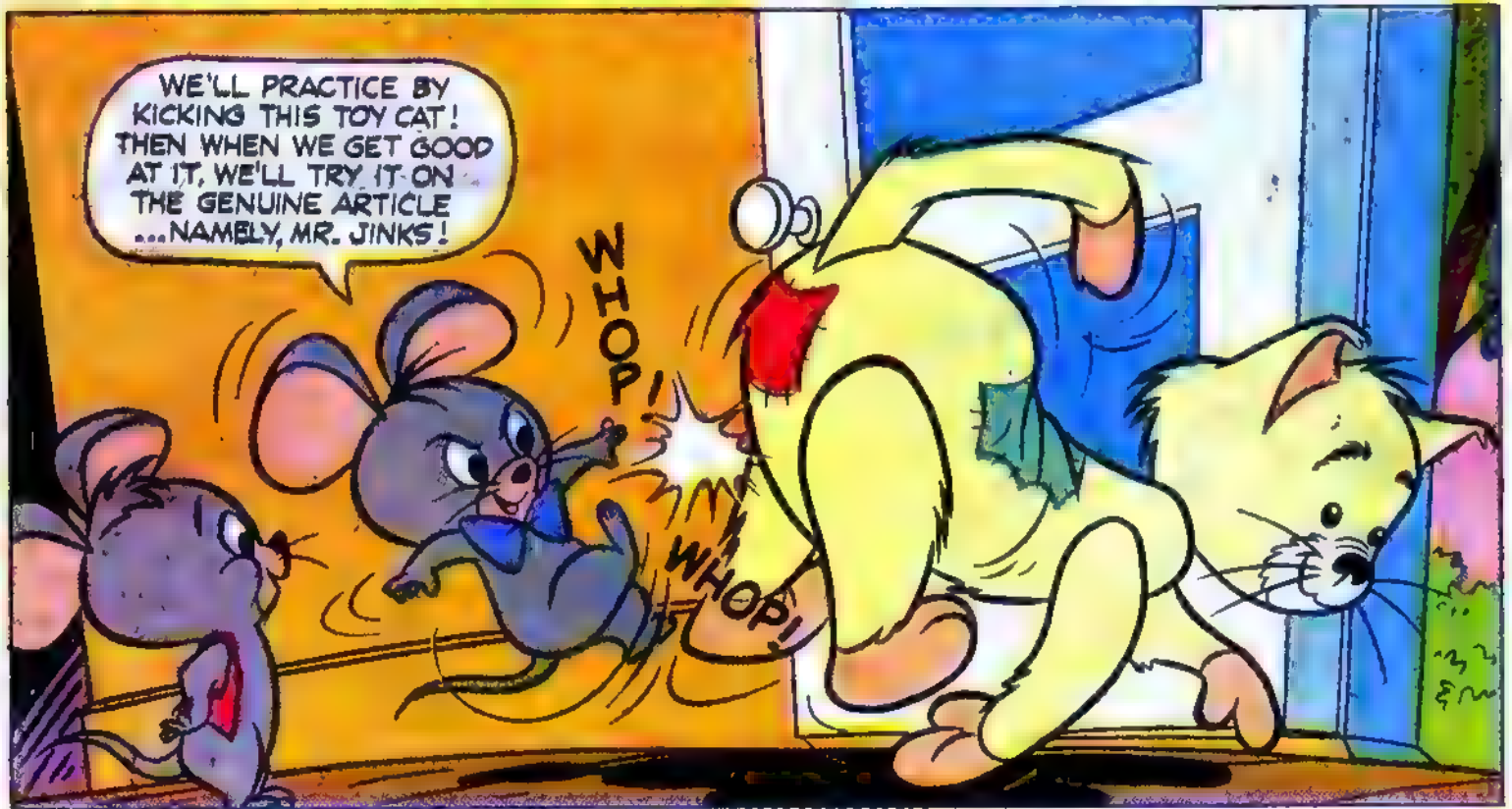
Splash! "Safe at last," he panted. He was still gasping for air when he was bumped by a motorboat skimming across the pond.

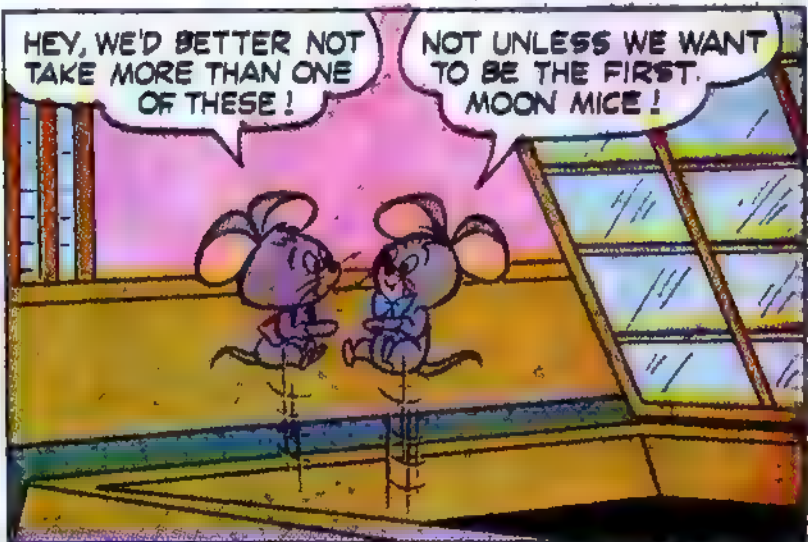
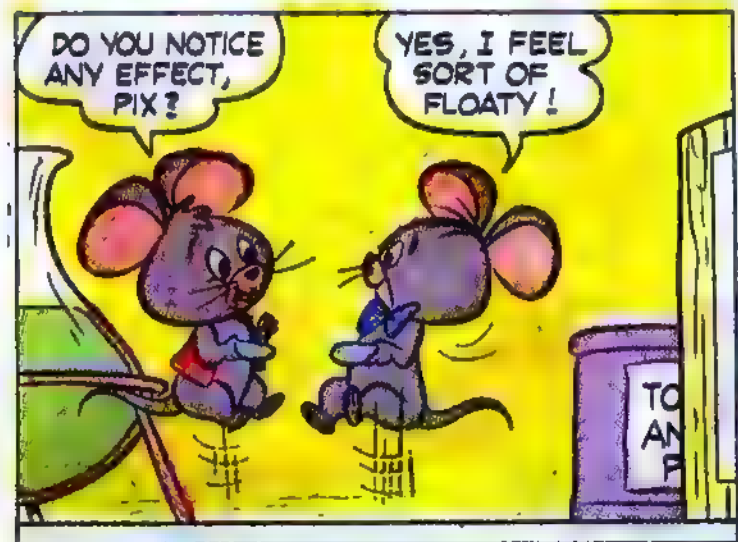
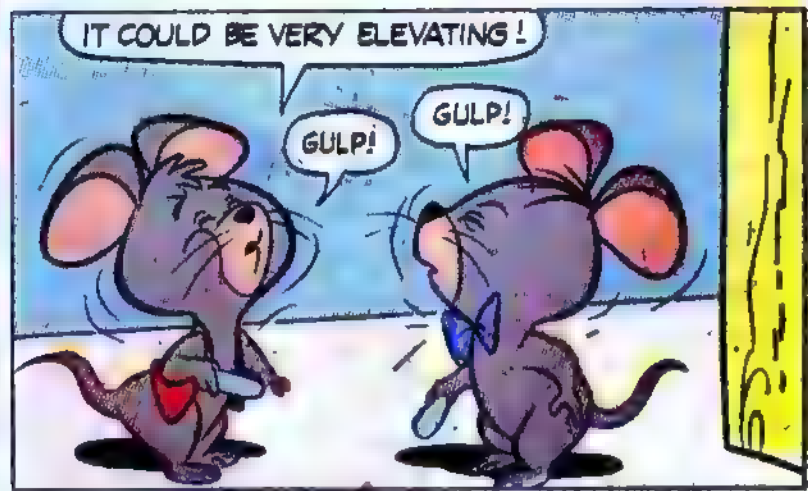
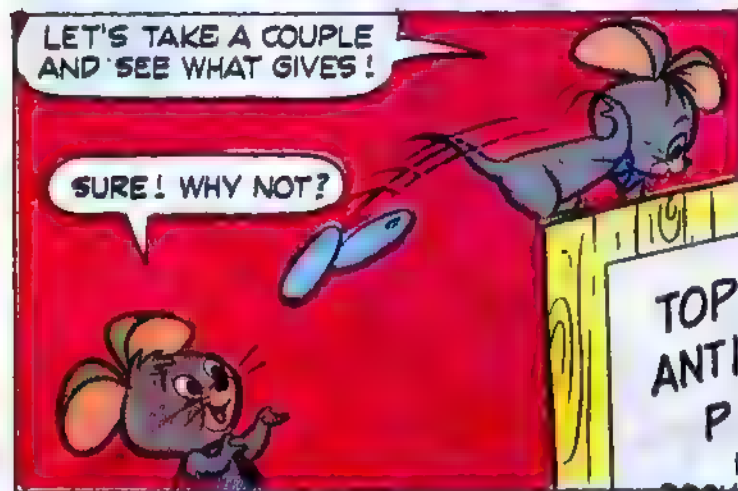
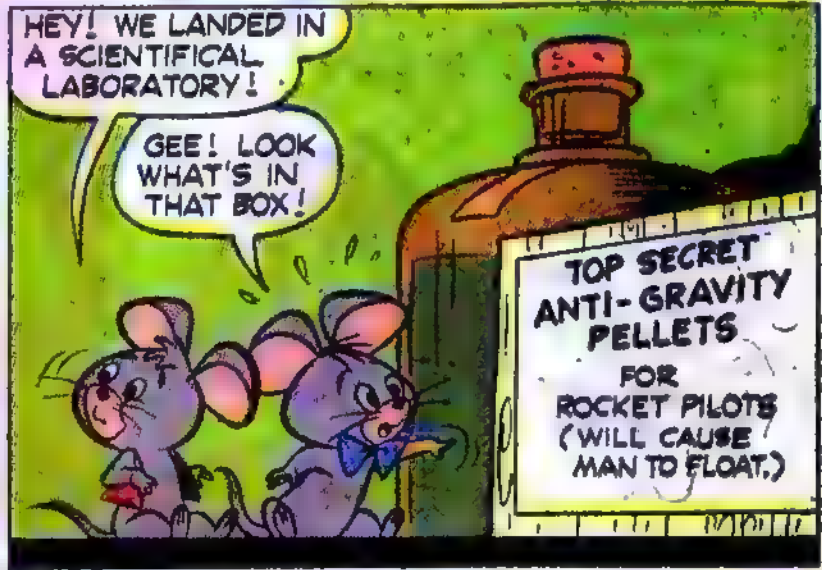
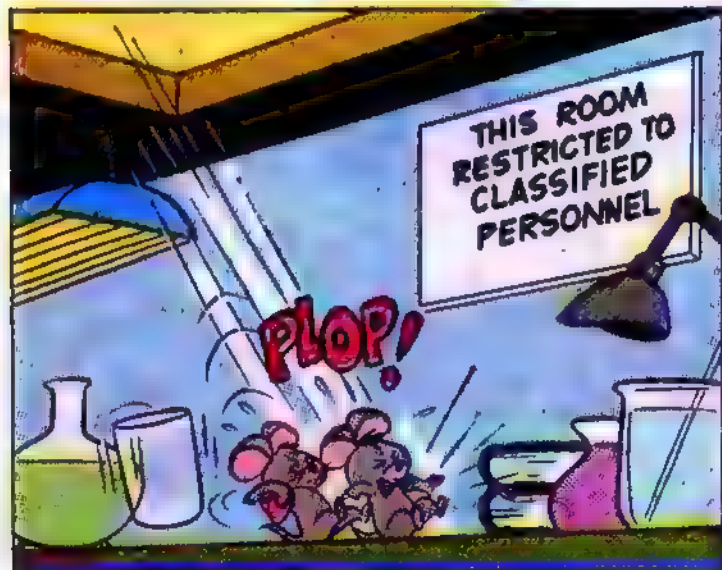
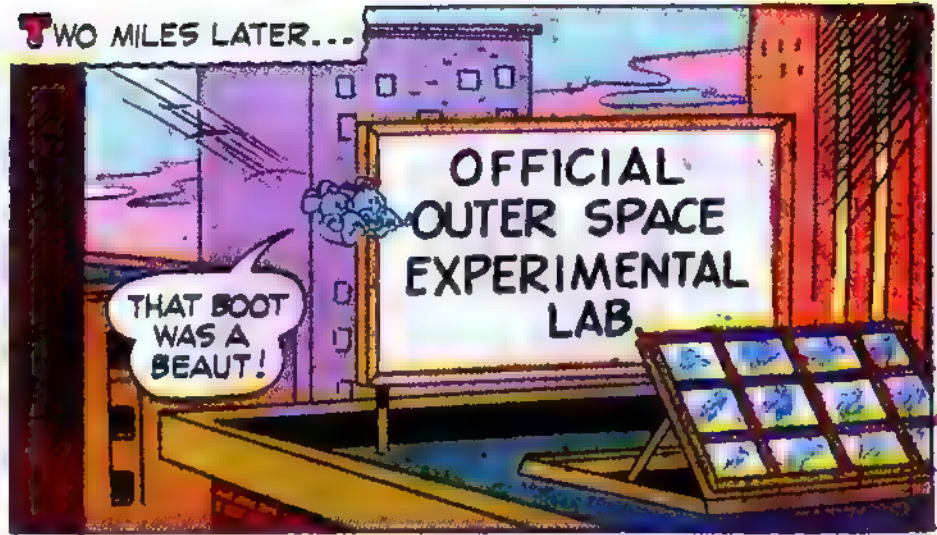
Puffing and panting, quacking and paddling, the little duckling finally managed to swim to the safety of a garden of lily pads. He floated there in the quiet water until he had recovered from his adventures in the new pond.

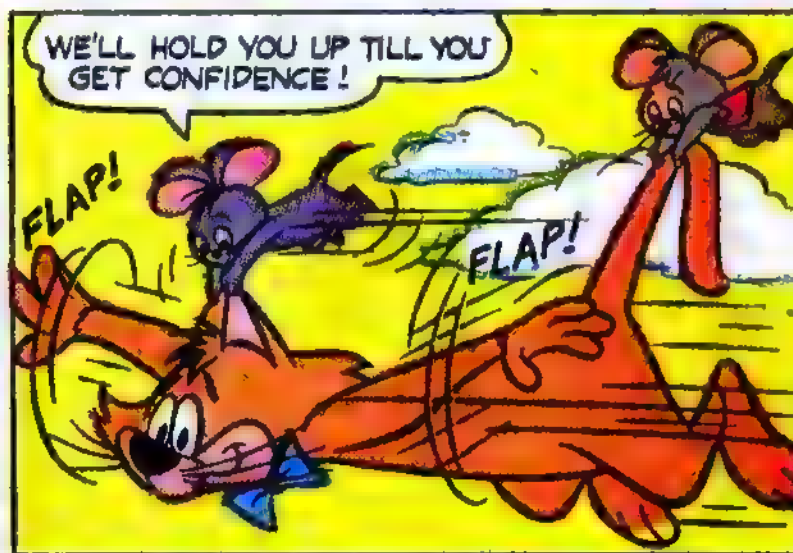
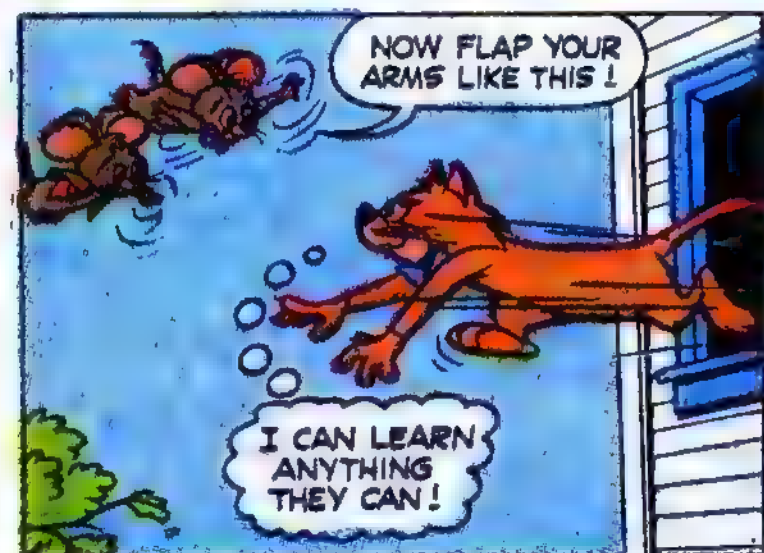
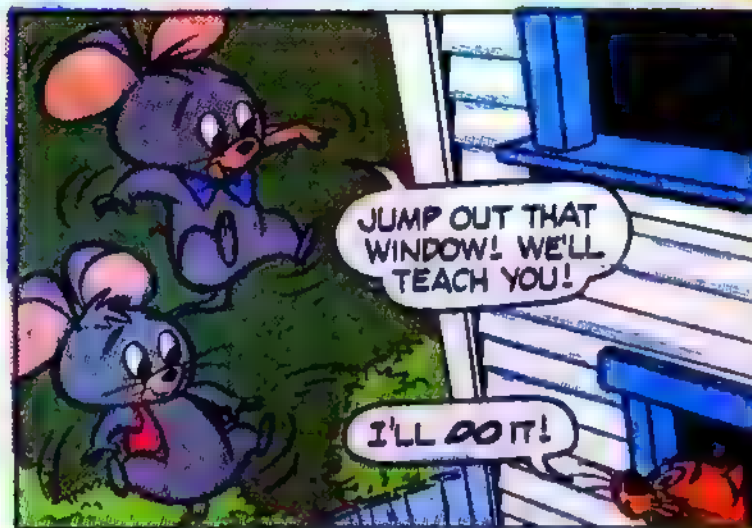
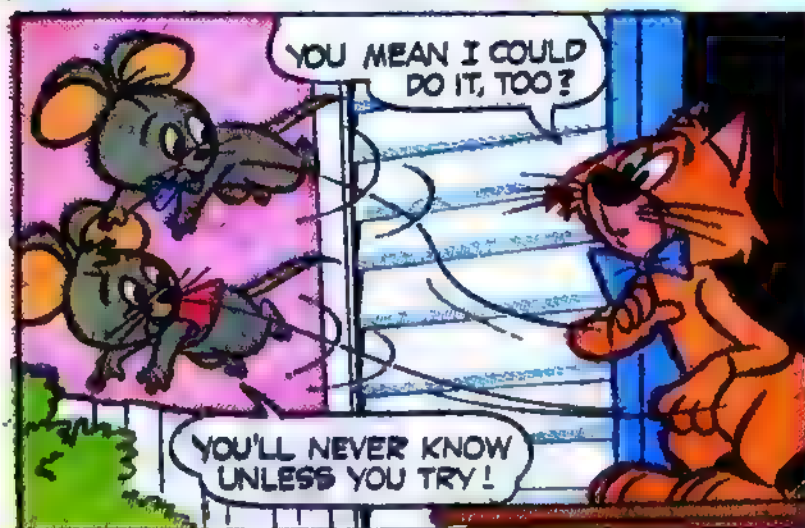
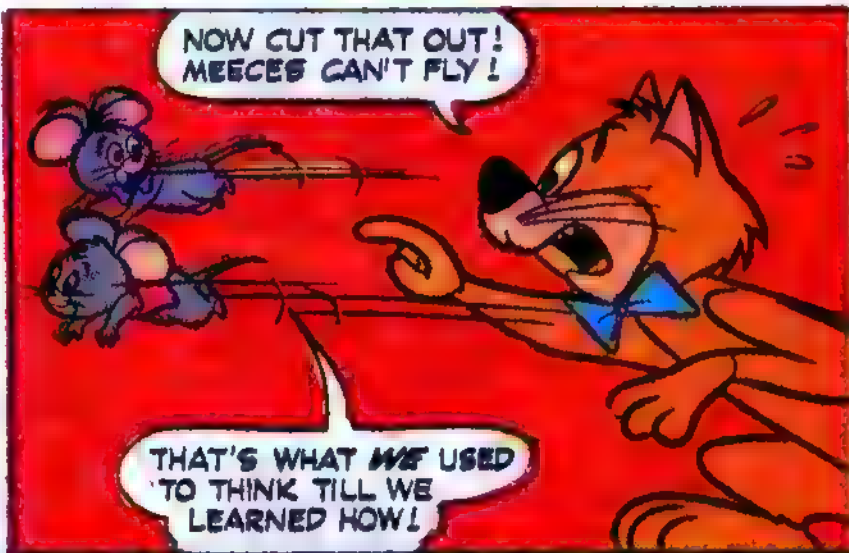
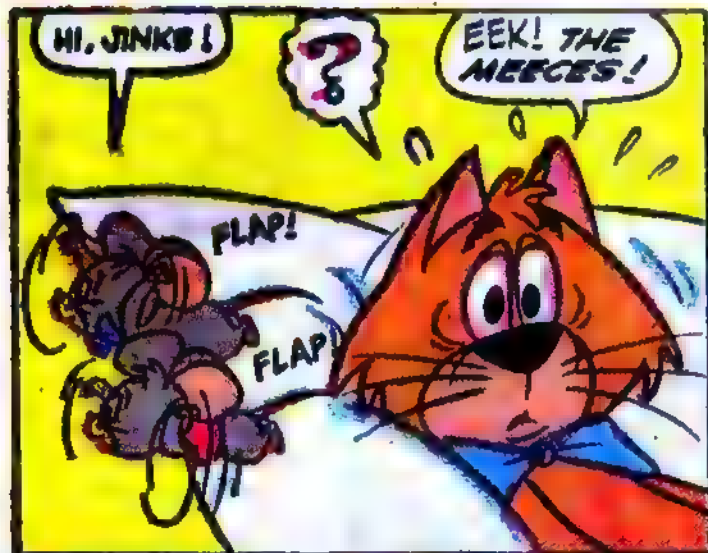
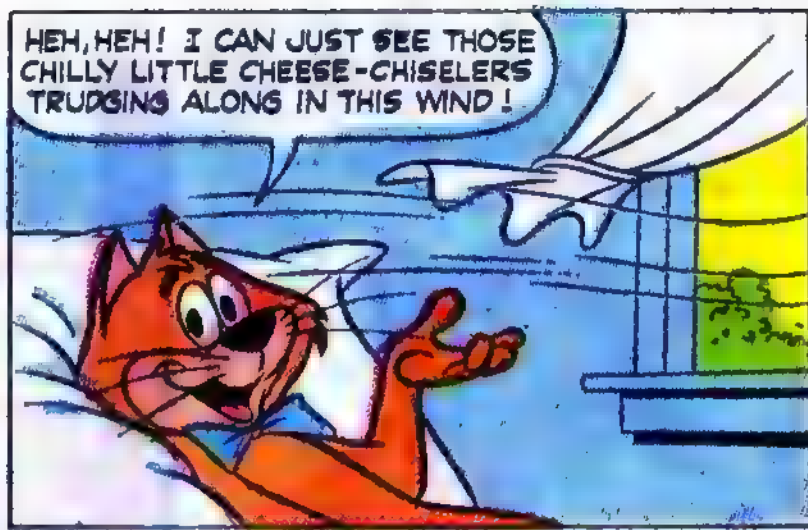
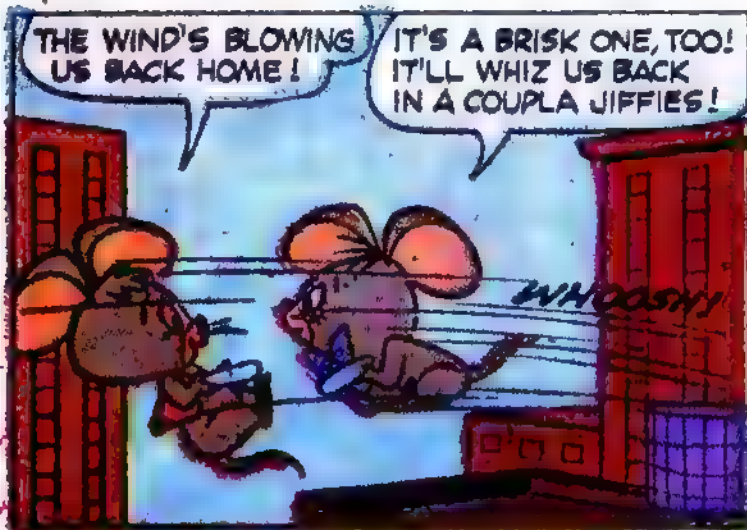
"Mother told me that the water only looks bluer in the other fellow's pond," he quacked, as he winged his way back home to his own pond in the wildwood—a tired and wiser Biddy Buddy.

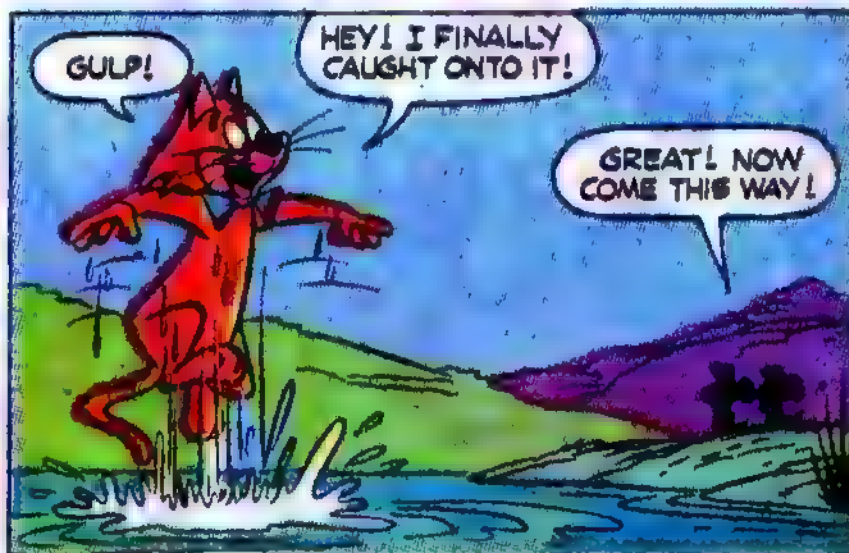
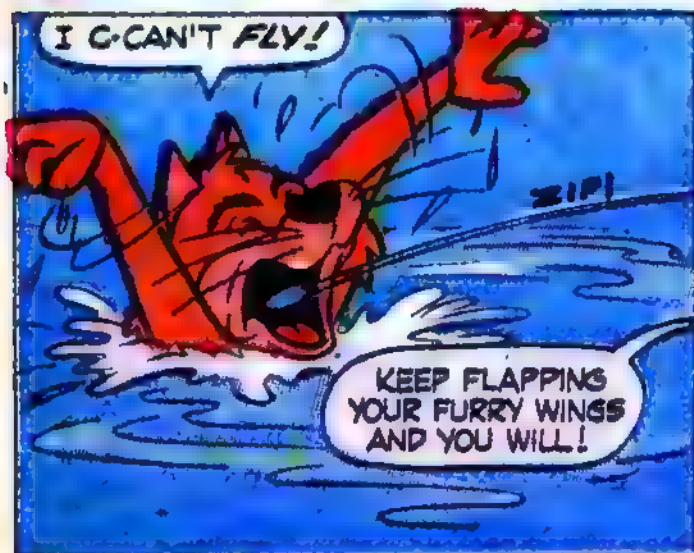
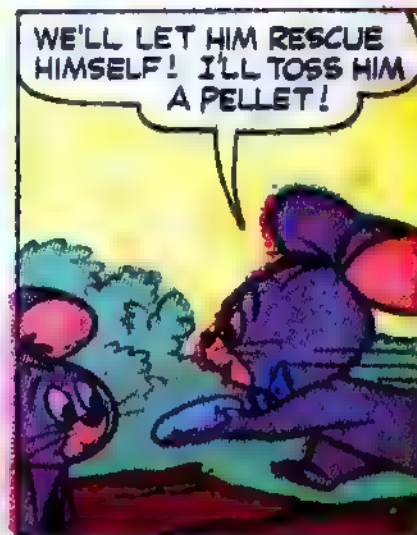
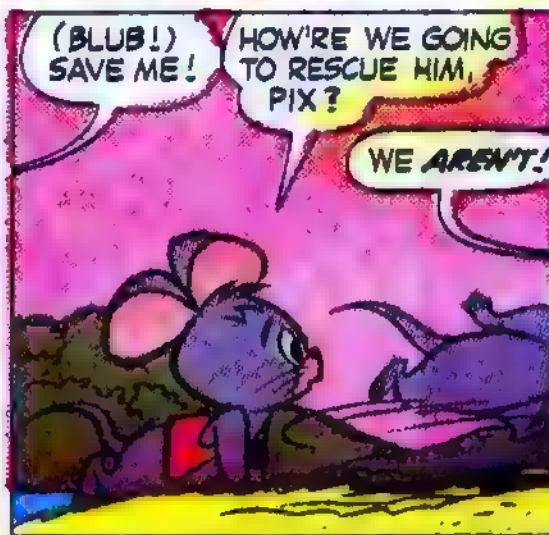
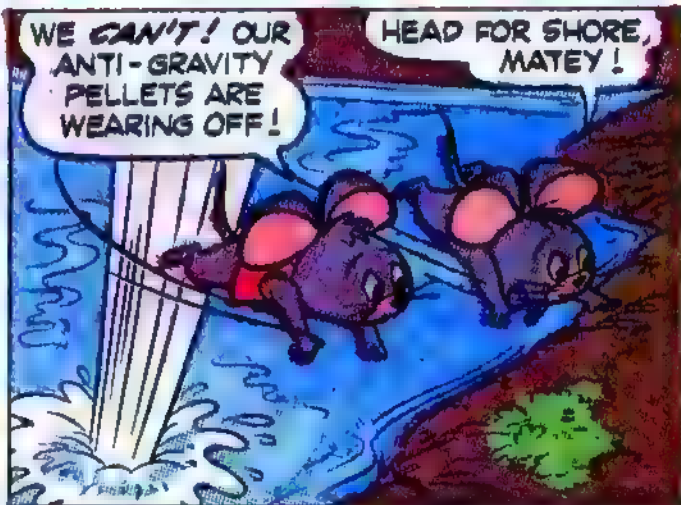
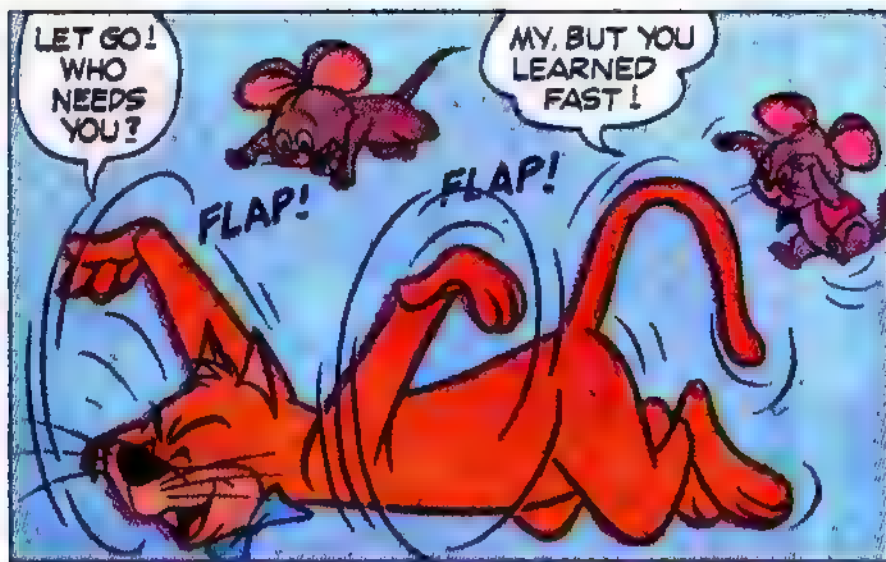
PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

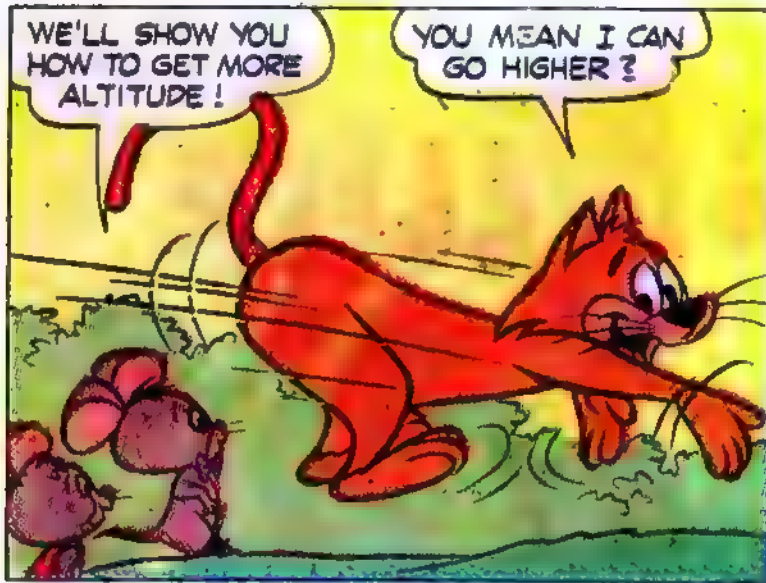
The FLYING MEECES





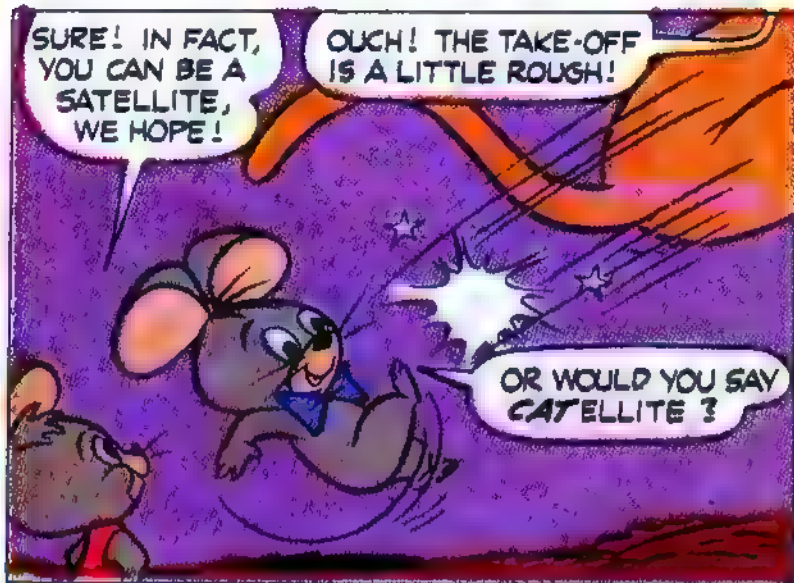






WE'LL SHOW YOU
HOW TO GET MORE
ALTITUDE!

YOU MEAN I CAN
GO HIGHER?



SURE! IN FACT,
YOU CAN BE A
SATELLITE,
WE HOPE!

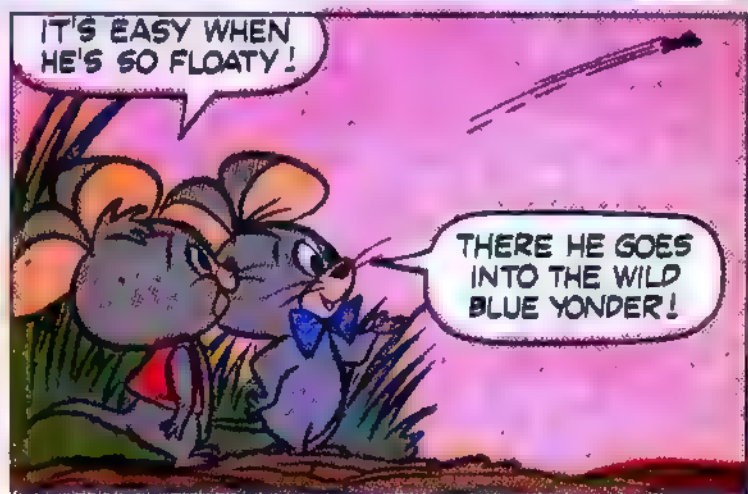
OUCH! THE TAKE-OFF
IS A LITTLE ROUGH!

OR WOULD YOU SAY
CATELLITE?



BUT IT'S WORTH IT TO GET UP
HERE IN THE NICE, QUIET SKY!

NOW THAT'S
THE KIND OF
CAT KICKING
A MOUSE CAN
BE PROUD OF!



IT'S EASY WHEN
HE'S SO FLOATY!

THERE HE GOES
INTO THE WILD
BLUE YONDER!



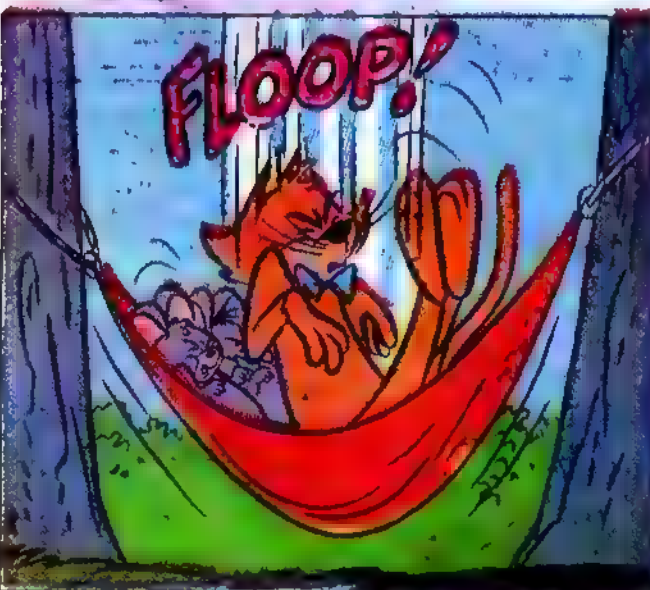
LATER...

IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR
JINKS'S PELLETS TO
WEAR OFF, DIXIE!

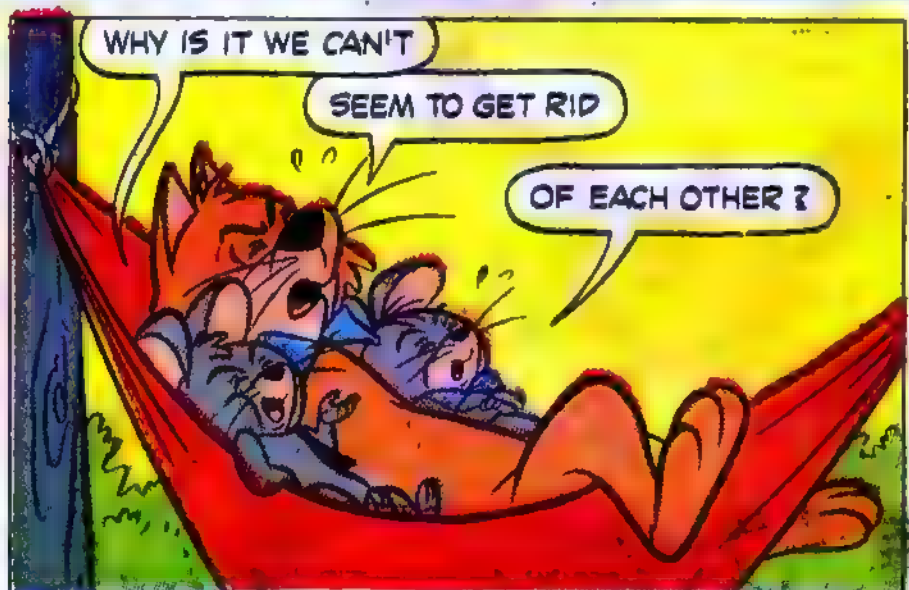


YES, HE'LL BE LANDING
IN SOME STRANGE PLACE
SHORTLY, PIXIE!

IT WAS TOO TIRING FLYING
AGAINST THAT WIND, SO
WHY FIGHT IT?



FLOOP!

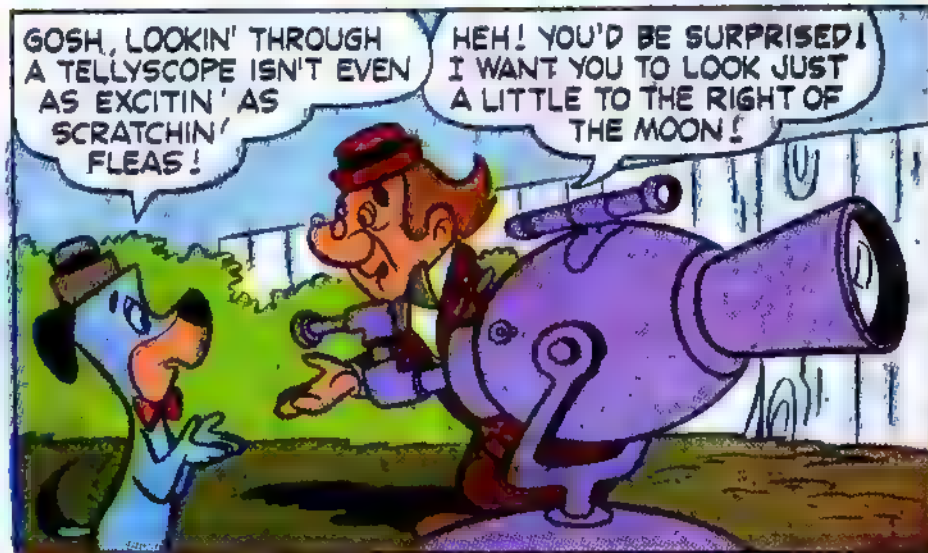
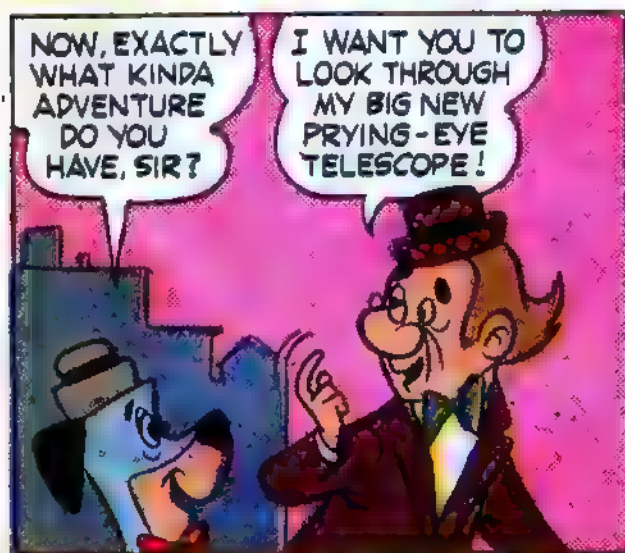
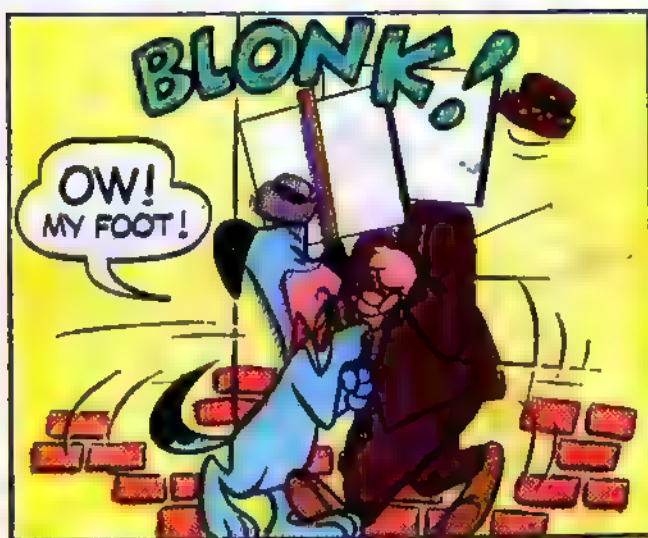


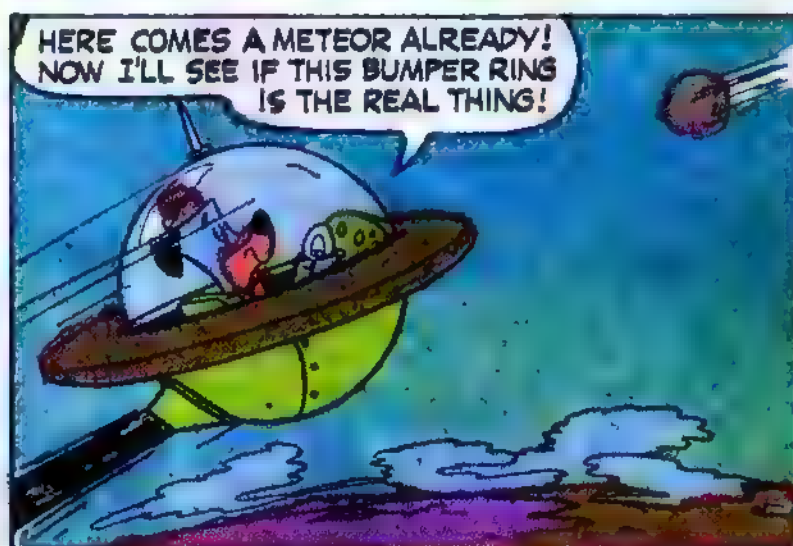
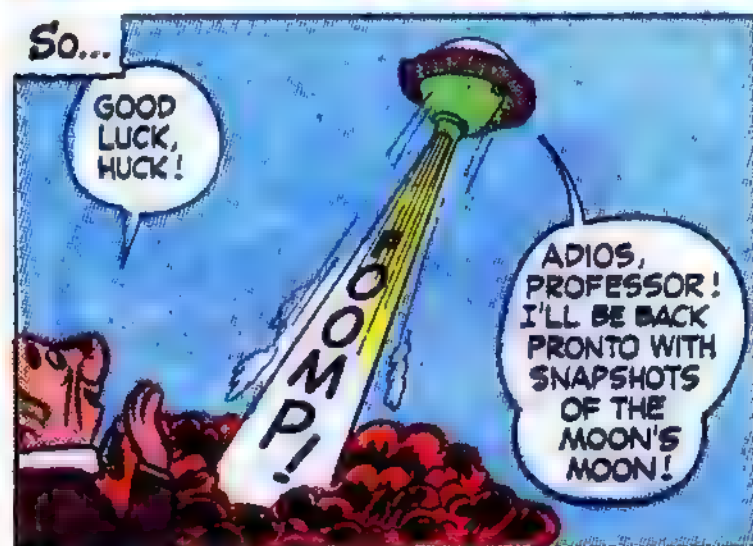
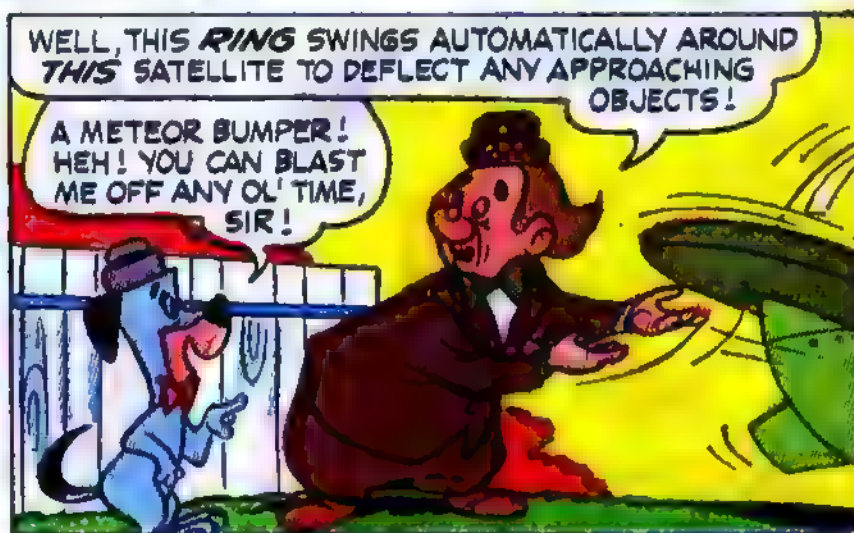
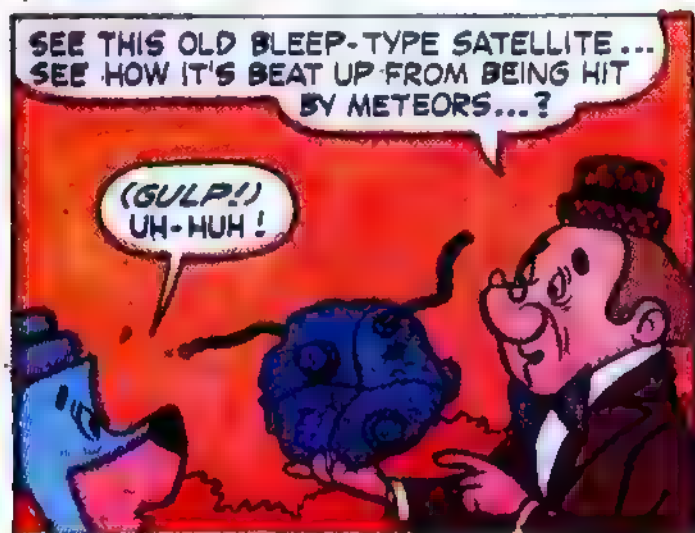
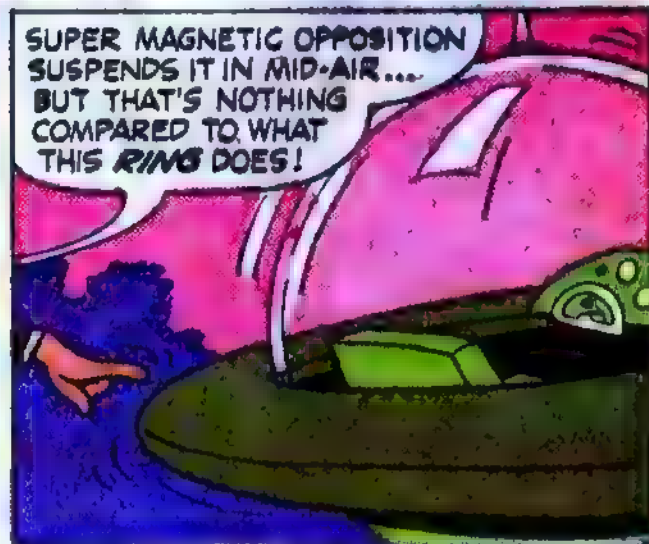
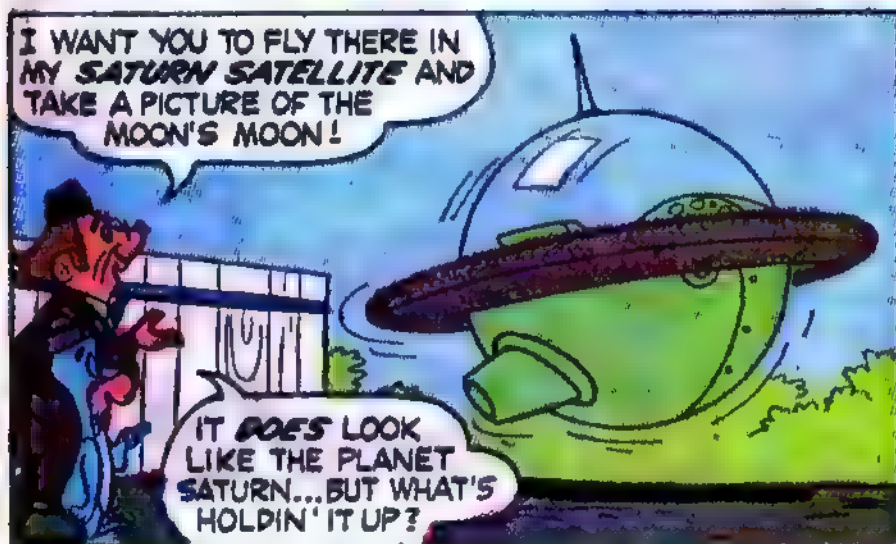
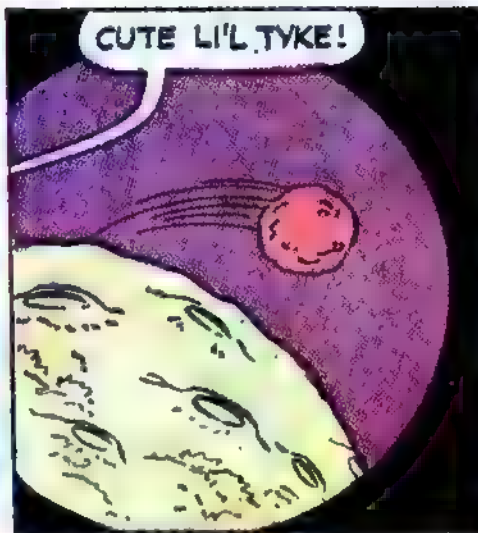
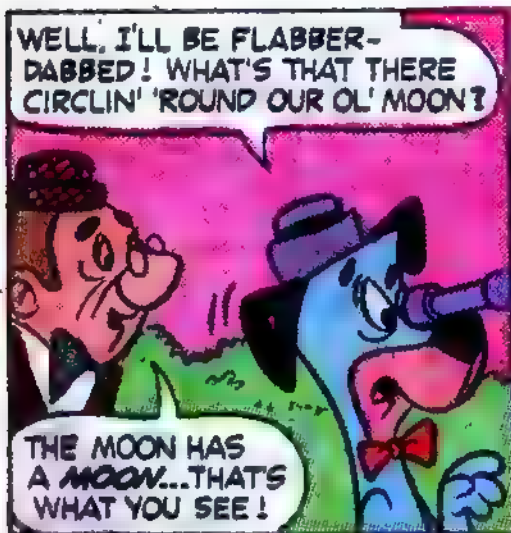
WHY IS IT WE CAN'T

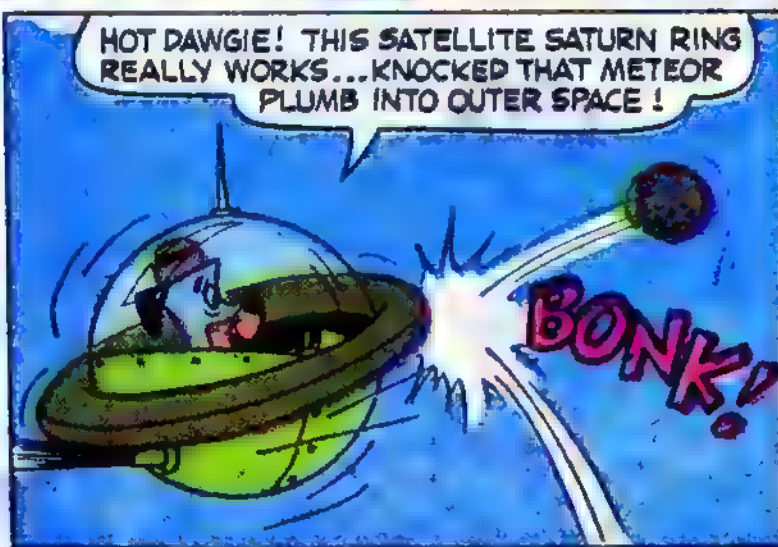
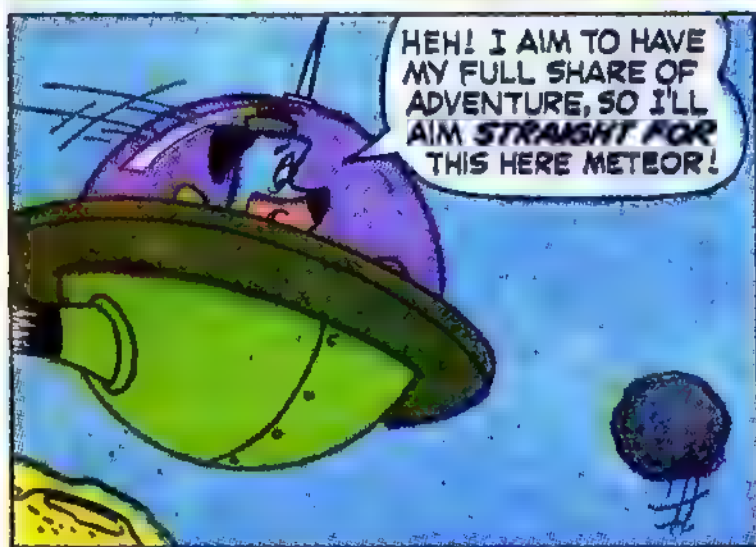
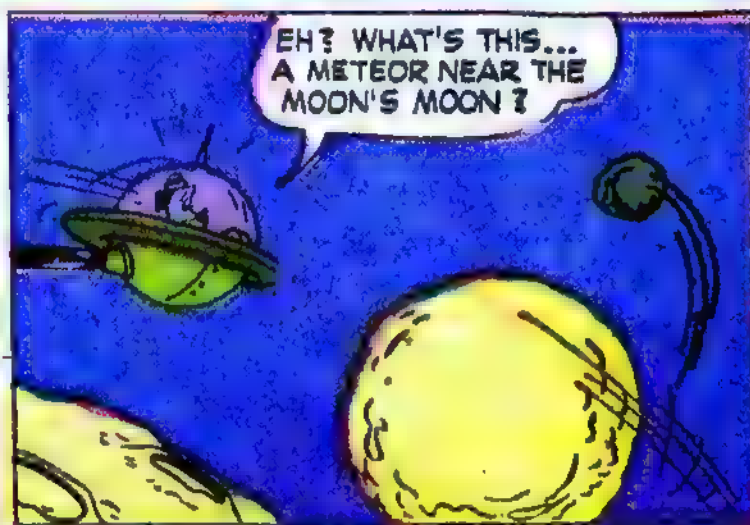
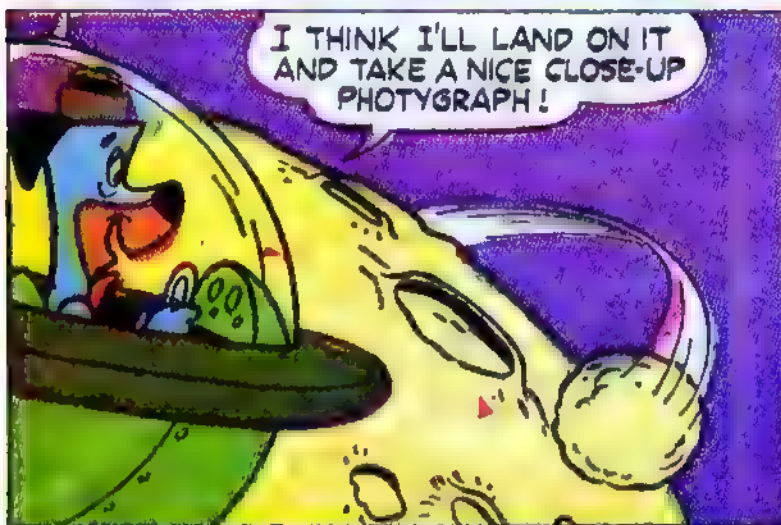
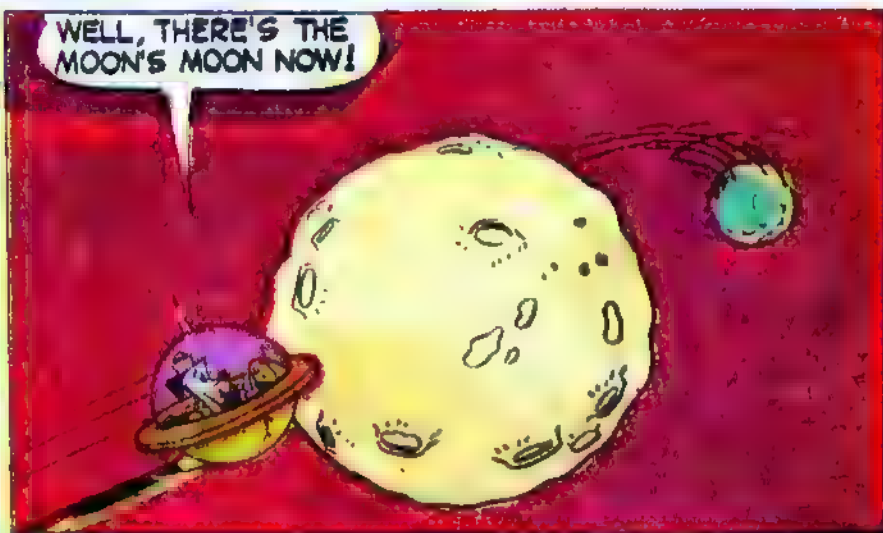
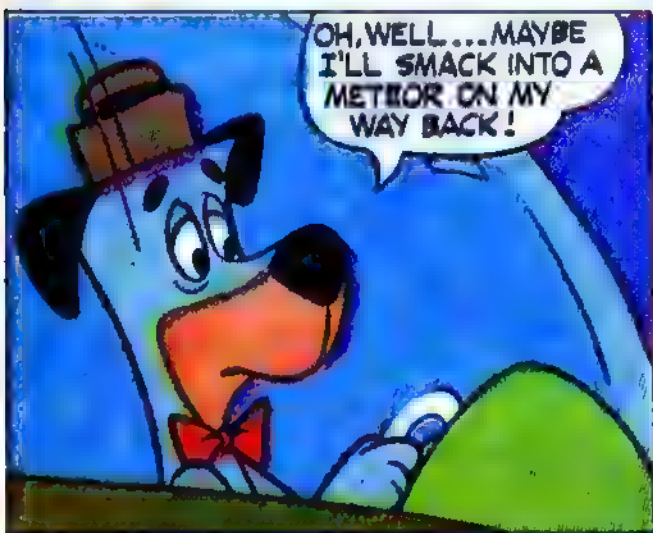
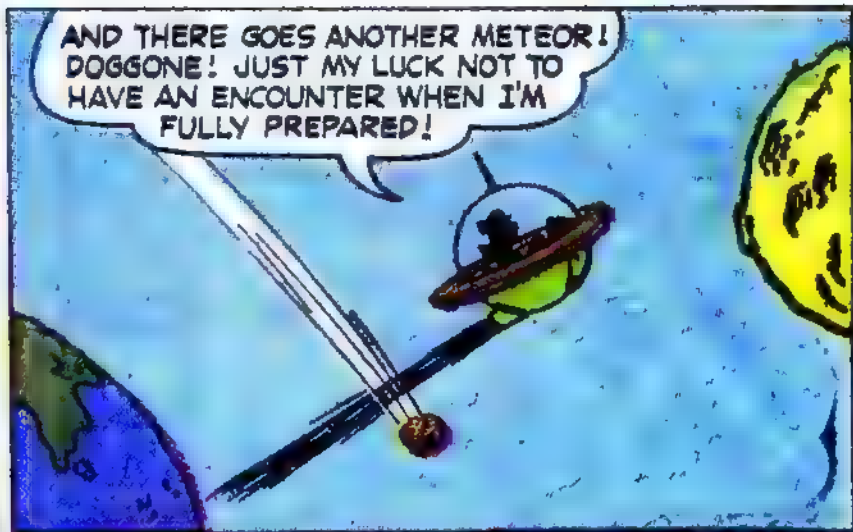
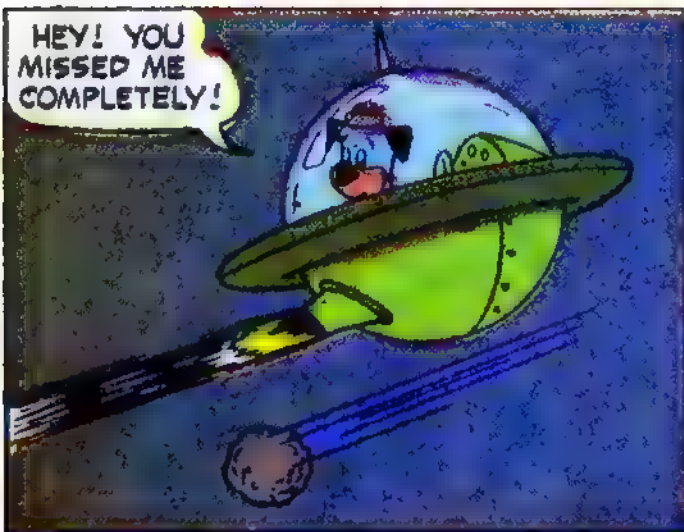
SEEM TO GET RID

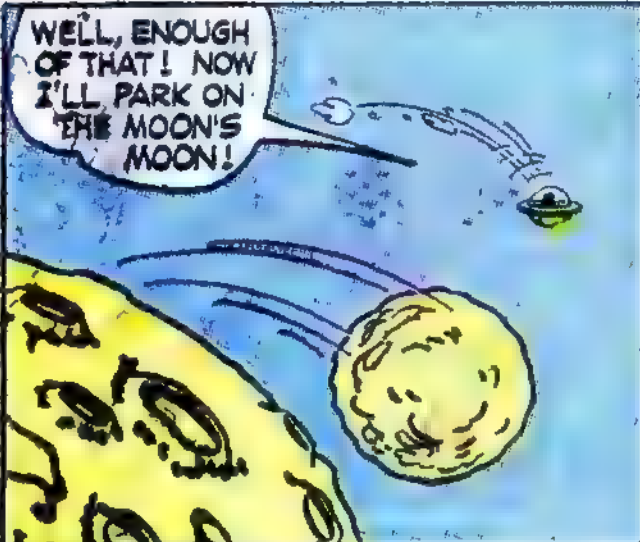
OF EACH OTHER?

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND SATURN SATELLITE

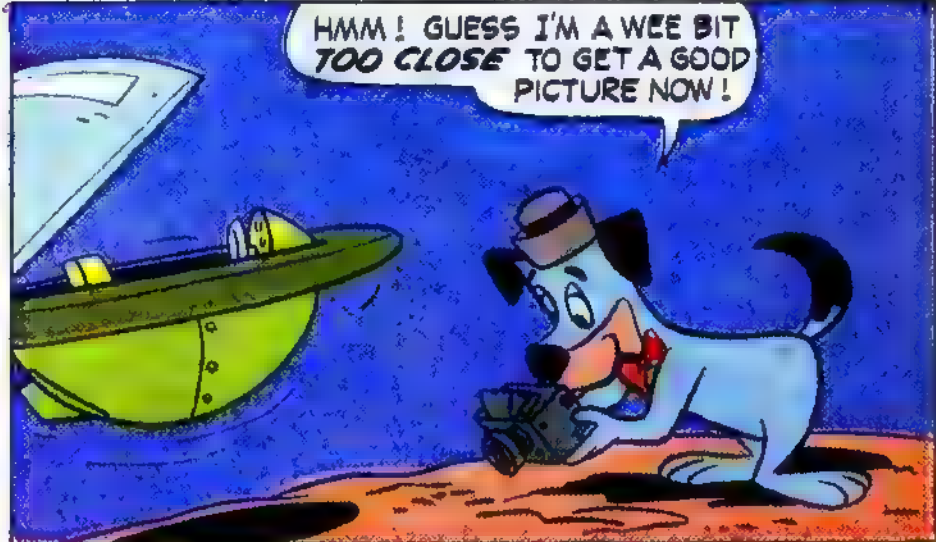








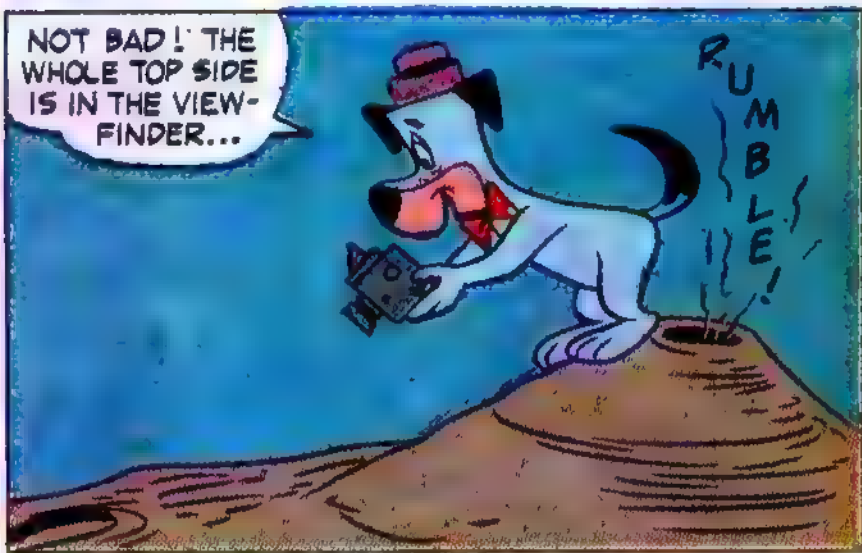
WELL, ENOUGH OF THAT! NOW I'LL PARK ON THE MOON'S MOON!



HMM! GUESS I'M A WEE BIT TOO CLOSE TO GET A GOOD PICTURE NOW!

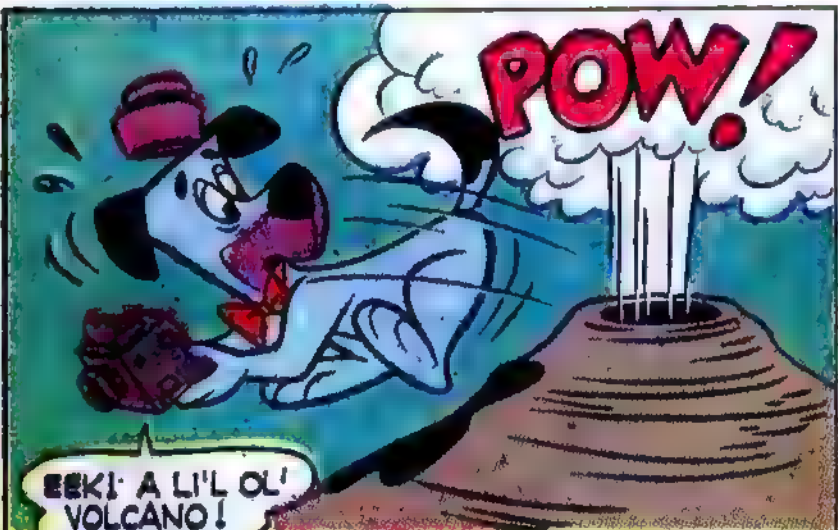


A LI'L OL' MOUNTAIN ON THE MOON'S MOON! I'LL GET UP ON IT!



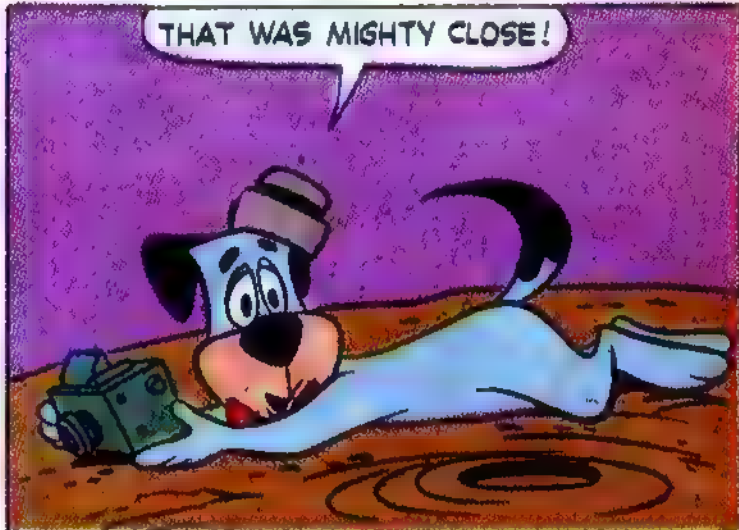
NOT BAD! THE WHOLE TOP SIDE IS IN THE VIEW-FINDER...

RUMBLE!

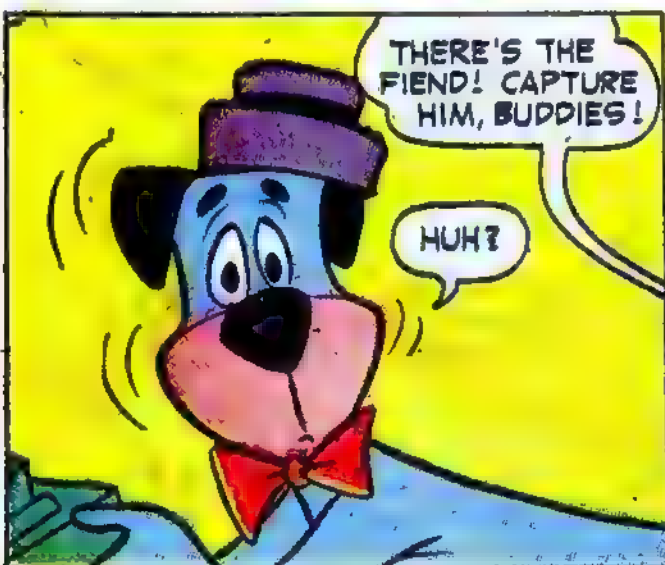


POW!

EEK! A LI'L OL' VOLCANO!

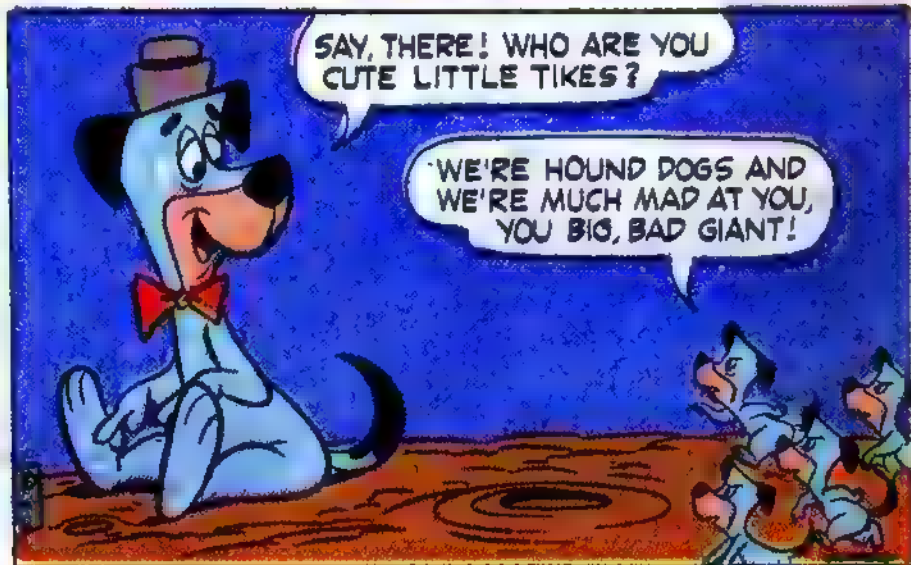


THAT WAS MIGHTY CLOSE!



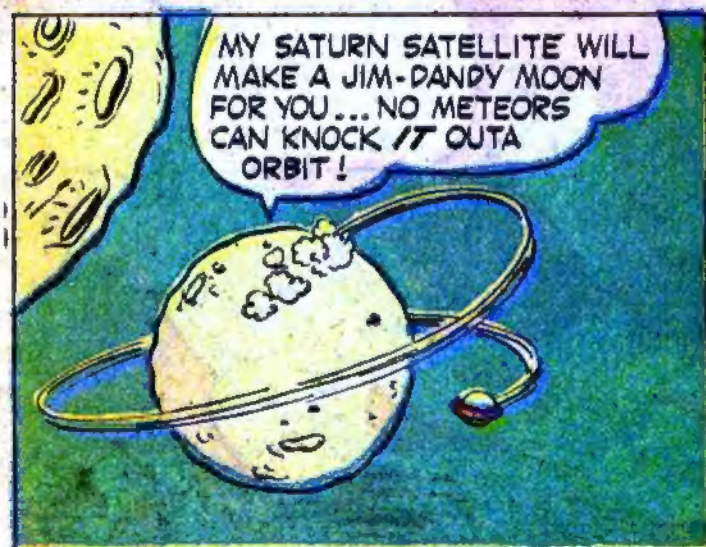
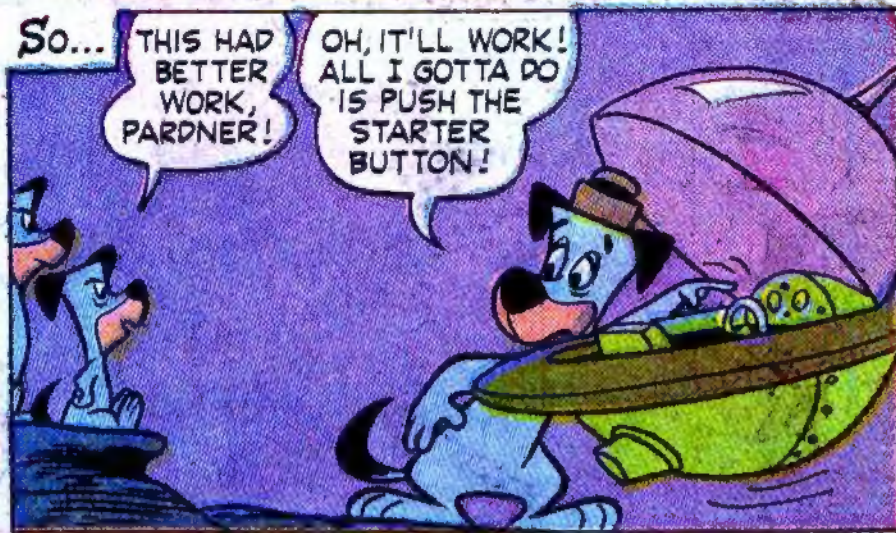
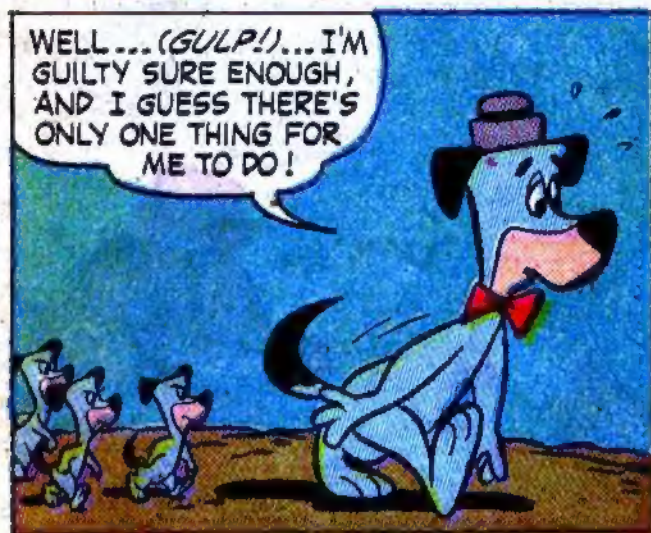
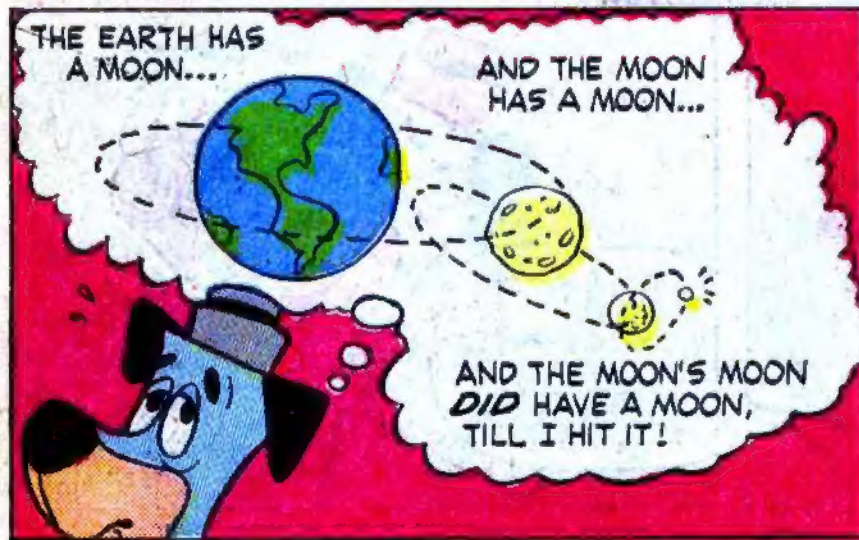
THERE'S THE FIEND! CAPTURE HIM, BUDDIES!

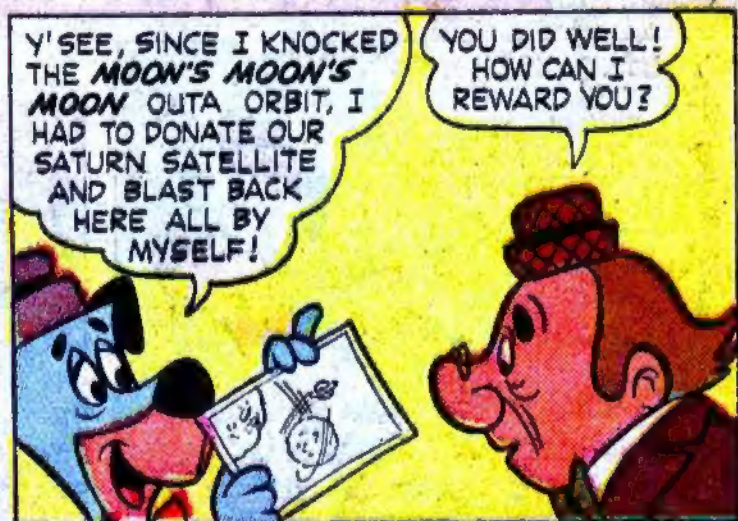
HUH?



SAY, THERE! WHO ARE YOU CUTE LITTLE TIKES?

WE'RE HOUND DOGS AND WE'RE MUCH MAD AT YOU, YOU BIG, BAD GIANT!





GOLD KEY CLUB
COMICS

PREHISTORIA

NEANDERTHAL MAN



One hundred thousand years ago, the most primitive type of human, Neanderthal Man, roamed wide areas of Europe and Asia. Strong and stocky, Neanderthal Man haunted the edges of the glacial ice fields seeking his prey . . . the giant cave bear, the European rhinoceros and even the huge mammoth. Neanderthal Man was a nomad. As a hunter and gatherer he was forced to follow the wandering herd or starve. The Neanderthals developed special hunting skills. They dug pits to trap the larger beasts and wove snares to capture smaller prey such as birds and rabbits. In Siberia the Neanderthals hunted the ibex by forcing the herd to leap from rocky cliffs.



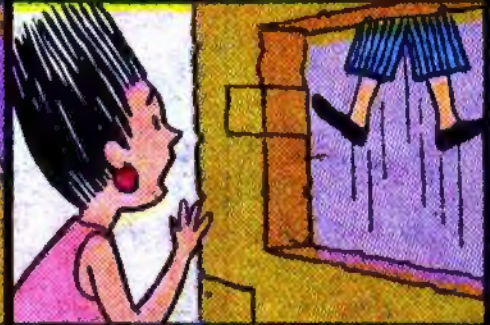
Neanderthal Man knew the uses of fire. He used it to cook his food, to shape and harden his wooden spears, and to drive away predators.



While the men hunted, Neanderthal women spent their days gathering fruit and roots, collecting firewood, cooking, and curing animal skins.



MINI-COMICS



MINI-COMICS

